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Missionary Gems

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Missionary

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A collection of
short poems

Compiled from various sources

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MISSIONARY GEMS

SERVICE.

I was longing to serve my Master,
  And lo! I was laid aside
From the party of busy workers
  Who toiled in the fields so wide.
They were few, yes, few in number,
  And I could not understand
Why I should be kept inactive;
  'Twas so different from what I'd planned.

I was longing to serve my Master;
  I knew that the work was great.
To me it was easy to labor,
  But oh! it was hard to wait;
To lie quite still and be silent,
  While the song was borne to my ear
Of the reapers with whom I had mingled
  In the work to my heart so dear.

I was longing to serve my Master:
  Ah! this was my one fond thought;
For this I was ever pleading
  When his footstool in prayer I sought.
And the seasons of sweet communing
  When few and far apart;
Not of him so much as his service
  Were the thoughts that filled my heart.

I was longing to serve my Master.
  He led to a desert place,
And there as we stopped and rested,
  His eyes looked down in my face;

So full of tender reproaching,
  They filled me with sad surprise.
Did he think I had grudged my service
  And counted it sacrifice?

"O Master, I long to serve thee.
  The time is so short at best.
Let me back to the fields," I pleaded;
  "I care not to stay and rest."
I knelt at his feet imploring,
  I gazed in his face above.
"My child," he said gently, "your service
  Is nothing without your love."

I was longing to serve my Master,
  I thought that his greatest care
Was to keep all his workers busy
  In reaping the sheaves so fair;
And there in the lonely desert
  Afar from the busy scene,
It dawned on me slowly and sadly
  Where the awful mistake had been.

SO SEND I YOU.

The night lies dark upon the earth, and we have light;
So many have to grope their way, and we have sight;
One path is theirs and ours—of toil and care—
But we are borne along and they their burdens bear.
Foot-sore, heart-weary, faint they on their way;
Mute in their sorrow, while we kneel and pray;
Glad are they of a stone on which to rest,
While we lie pillowed on the Father's breast.

Father, why is it that these children roam,
And I with thee, so glad, at rest, at home?
Is it enough to keep the door ajar,
In hope that some may see the gleam afar
And guess that that is home and urge their way
To reach it, haply, somehow and some day?
May not I go and lend them of my light?
May not my eyes be unto them for sight?
May not the brother-love thy love portray?
And news of home make home less far away?

Yea, Christ hath said that as for these he came
To seek and save, so hath he in his name
Sent us to these; and, Father, we would go,
Glad in thy love that thou hast willed it so,
That we should be partakers in the joy
Which even on earth knows naught of earth's alloy—
The joy which grows as others' griefs grow less,
And could not live but for its power to bless.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY HYMN.

"So busy, oh so busy," is the cry on ev'ry side.
"There's much to do, and workers few, while on the moments glide";
And weary hearts are fainting oft beneath their load of care,
And willing hands have grown too weak the burden's weight to bear.

"No time to rest, no time to wait for strength to be renewed,
No time to tarry till the soul with power is endued;

The tasks increasing ev'ry day, this life so near its close;
We can not rest," the toilers cry, "until death brings repose!"

Take time to sit at Jesus' feet and hear his blessed word;
Wait there, like Mary, till your soul to love's best deed is stirred;
Then break the alabaster box, and let its perfume sweet
Spread with the gospel's joyful sound, and make the earth replete!

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY CONCERNING THE HEATHEN.

I asked for the Master's guiding
In the path he would have me tread;
I asked for a willing spirit
To follow where'er he led.
But my heart sank chill within me;
I knew I had lingered long,
And my Master had need of servants
Who would be brave and strong.

He had heard the wail of the city,
Disease and death were there;
And I, in my cowardly shrinking,
Had turned from its poisoned air.
Must he call for more loyal soldiers,
Who would glory in loss and shame,
And count it all joy to suffer,
If only for his dear name?

I thought of my dreams of pleasure,
My yearnings for rest and ease;
And I seemed to see in the distance
Gethsemane's olive-trees
And the tears of bitter anguish
That once were wept for me,
The throes of mysterious sorrow
That bought my victory.

Then a hand was laid upon me,
Which no mortal eye could see;
And I knew the voice that whispered,
"Wilt thou do it unto *Me*?"
I told him all the conflict
Of a selfish wayward will;
Oh, could that tender Savior
Pardon and love me still?

More beautiful than sunlight,
More pure than driven snow,
Were the gems he had me gather
To bind upon his brow!
And I loved the dusty highway,
I loved the gloomy street;
For labor now was easy,
And sacrifice was sweet.

IF HE CAME JUST NOW.

What would He find if He came just now?
A faded leaf and a fruitless bough?
A sleeping servant? an idle plough?
What would He find if He came just now?

Sooner or later, His coming's sure.
Say would He find an open door?
His servants watching, with lamps aglow?
Would it be thus if He came just now?

What if He came to the garden gate?
Ere sets the sun, or at day-break?
Would His sweet flowers and lilies be
Growing in beauty, watched o'er by thee?

What if He came in your hours of strife?
Found your post vacant, found wasted life?
A scattered flock, and a broken fold?
The fire of love in your heart grown cold?

What if He came ere this hour had flown?
Say, is the task that He gave you done?
Oh! what if you've left it all too late,
Settled your doom, and sealed your fate?

IS IT NOTHING?

Is it nothing to you, O Christian, that millions of beings today,
In bondage in ancient China, are rapidly passing away?
They have never heard the sweet story of Him who lovingly saves,
Yet fourteen hundred ev'ry hour are passing to Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O Christian, that in India's far-away land
There are multitudes sadly needing the touch of Immanuel's hand?

They're famishing there and helpless. What spiritual
food have we given?
Hour by hour twelve hundred souls pass, by death
resistless driven.

Is it nothing to you, O Christian, that Africa walks in
the night,
While we upon whom the lamp shineth are failing to
carry the light?
There shadows of darkness fall deeper; they wait the
dawning of day;
While hourly the souls of eight hundred, benighted, are
passing away.

Is it nothing to you, O Christian, that on South Ameri-
ca's soil
There are seven and thirty millions, and few for the
Savior toil?
Its people are rapidly falling beneath superstition's
load,
Not knowing the message of mercy, the wonderful love
of God.

Is it nothing to you, O Christian, the prosperous Sun-
rise Land
Has forty eager millions, where doors wide open stand?
There Buddha binds his captive hosts with proud op-
pression's chains.
Oh, break their iron-wrought fetters; their freedom the
Savior claims.

Is it nothing to you, O Christian, that Tibet's enclosed
in sin,
Six millions there dwell in terror, but let not God's mes-
sengers in?

Oh, pray that its gates wide may op'n, for then would
the story be told
Of peace and good-will sent from heaven, the news that
never grows old.

Is it nothing to you, O Christian? Then surely you're
slumbering now.
The Master's command is still urgent: "Away—preach
the gospel thou."
Among the vast host of believers how few of the number
we see
Forsaking the ties of the home lands to point men to
Calvary's tree!

Is it nothing to you, O Christian? Can you leisurely stand
and say,
"It is nothing; how can I help them"? You may go, or
give, or pray.
Free your soul from guilt that now threatens, for in
lands that you've never trod
The nations in thousands are dying, dying not know-
ing of God.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy,
That day; I wondered "how."
A ploughman, singing at his work, had prayed,
"Lord, help them now."

Away in foreign lands they wondered "how"
Their single word had power;

At home the Christians, two or three, had met
To pray an hour!

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering "how,"
Because we do not see
Some one, unknown perhaps, and far away,
On bended knee.

TWO PENNIES.

"A penny I have; it is all my own!"
Cried little Charlotte in a lively tone.
"I can not do much with a penny, I fear,
But I'll buy myself something to eat or wear."

"A penny I have," little Mary said
As she thoughtfully shook her curly head.
"Both missions and schools want money, I know,
But I fear that 'tis little a penny can do."

Charlotte ran off and some apples she bought,
While Mary her mite to the mission-box brought;
And which of them, think you, most cheerfully smiled,
And which of the two was the happier child?

JESUS LOVES ME.

In the crowded railway train,
Dimpled cheek against the pane,
Sang a baby, soft and low,
"Desus loves me 'is I know."

Then, unconscious, clear and strong,
" 'Ittle ones to him belong,"
Rose the dear voice at my side;
"Desus loves me he who died."

Hushed the hum of voices near,
Hoary heads bow low to hear.
"Desus loves me; 'is I know,
For dee Bible tells me so."

So mid silence, tearful, deep,
Baby sang herself to sleep.

But the darling never knew
How the message, sweet and true,
Raised one heart from dull despair
To the love that lightens care;

But I think, beside the King,
I shall some day her sing,
"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

FOR THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

For the service of the King,
Wanted! Let the summons ring:
Wanted over Africa's strand,
O'er the burning desert land;
Wanted out on India's plain;
Wanted in China and Japan,
In the market, on the river;
Wanted now, and wanted ever—
Let again the echo ring—
Wanted! Wanted for the King.

Wanted men of faith and fire,
Men whose zeal will never tire,
Men whose hearts are all aglow,
To the world the Christ to show,

Christ uplifted, souls to save
From the gloom of death's dark wave;
Men who dare leave father, mother,
Business, pleasure, sister, brother.
Louder let the summons ring,
Wanted! Wanted for the King.

Wanted women, tender true;
Women's work none else can do.
Women sit in darkness yonder
While we hesitate and wonder;
Women cursed with bands that tighten,
Bands of caste, which none can lighten.
Sisters, give a helping hand.
Take God's peace to ev'ry land;
Hear *ye* not the echo ring?
Women wanted for the King.

Am I wanted, blessed Lord?
Have I heard aright the word—
I who am so weak and poor
Naught can bring of earthly store?
Empty vessel though I be,
Canst thou make me meet for thee?
Use me as thou wilt, my Savior,
In thy presence grant me favor,
Help me now my life to bring
For the service of the King.

SOMEBODY CARES.

Somebody cares for you, my sister,
Somebody hopes your heart is glad;
Somebody thinks of you, my sister,
Somebody cares if you are sad.

Somebody loveth you, my sister,
Somebody hopes you're free from care;
Somebody prays for you, my sister,
Somebody's lifting your name in prayer.

Somebody cares for you, my sister,
Somebody's longing to see your face;
Somebody cares for you, my sister,
Somebody cares if you win the race.

THE MISSIONARY CALL.

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? the vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers
Till I my work have done and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord—
"Go teach all nations," from the eastern world
Floats on the night air and awakes my ear,
And I will go. I must not hesitate
To give up friends and home and idle hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it his design
Who placed me here, that I should lie in ease
Or drink at none but pleasant founts. Henceforth
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup.

I only pray, God, fit me for the work;
Oh! keep me holy and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an Arm unseen that holds me up,
An Eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my earthly pilgrimage have done.
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.
And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.

I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned;
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp; if one for whom
Satan hath struggled as he hath for me—
Should ever reach that blessed shore, oh, how
This heart will glow with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

WHO BIDS?

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?

Will no one bid? What! no one
For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," say Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb.
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them one and all.
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my liar like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.

Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land;

'Twere folly not to use them
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children;
I'll take them as they're born,
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Oh shame!" cries true Religion,
"Oh shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me.
I'll raise them up in kindness
From the mire in which they're trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

ONLY FOR SOULS.

Only for souls, our life's work shall be;
Only for souls, till death shall set free,
We'll strive as those running after earth's goals,
Only for souls, only for souls.

Only for souls, while the tear-drops start;
Only for souls, though with aching heart;
Go friendships and pleasures—your death knell tolls;
Only for souls, only for souls.

Only for souls, be it far or near;
Only for souls, the summons we'll hear,
From the heat of the tropics to earth's icy poles;
Only for souls, only for souls.

Only for souls, though the conflict be long;
Only for souls, 'gainst an enemy strong;

Victorious the issue—our God all controls;
Only for souls, only for souls.

Only for souls, mid reproaches and scorns;
Only for souls, o'er the pathway of thorns,
With sheepskins and goatskins, in dens, caves, and holes;
Only for souls, only for souls.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

I hear that children suffer
'Way off beyond the sea,
And in their strange sad agony,
They call to you and me.

What can we do to help them,
In our bright and happy land?
We are but little children,
Who meet in our dear band.

Still many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too.

It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love.

We can send the gospel story
And the joy of Jesus' love
To the little ones who know not
Of the happy home above.

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

Now; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the earth's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner and let others bear
Your portion of labor and problem and care?

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time.
In an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? 'tis creation groaning for a better day.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally, with your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally; God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier! worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding; thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding, on, right onward for the right!
Oh! let all the soul within you, for the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew tell on ages, tell for God!

THE LITTLE HELPER.

Just a plain little girl,
In her own little home,
Helping her dear, loving mother;
Thinking it never a bother,
But, oh, how the mother would miss her!

Just a plain little girl,
In a little brown frock,
Kissing the hurt of a brother;
Thinking it never a bother;
But, oh, how the brother would miss her!

Just a plain little girl,
With her little brown hands
Helping her care-burdened neighbor;
Cheerful, not grudging her labor.
But, oh, how the neighbor would miss her!

Just a plain little girl,
In her own quiet way,
Gathering the sheaves for the Master,
Smiling as stronger ones pass her;
But, oh, how the Master would miss her!

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead his feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer his heart with words of sweetest praise
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent,
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill his life with bright content.
When you have time.

Now is the time! Speed, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the far-off year—
Now is the time.

WILL WE JUST LET THEM DIE?

My work is in a heathen land
Where sin and shame abound;
But in a gospel paper bright
I once this question found:

"And while we have so much of light,
Will ye just let them die?"

Quick from my heart this answer came:
"Nay, Lord, not I! not I!"

But, musing still, again it comes,
As if 'twould deeper pry
Into my heart this question great:
"Will ye just let them die?"

"And while we have so much of light,
Will ye just let them die?"
Or will we work with all our might
To point them to the sky?

We know we have the gospel truth
And God is in the fight;
Oh! who will give the strength of youth
To lead them to the light?

Oh! can we lightly answer this
Or careless turn away?
Nay, Lord, but deeper in our hearts
This question put, I pray.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A man by the road to Jericho
Lay bleeding and wounded, by thieves let go;
A priest walked by and the suff'rer eyed
And then passed by on the other side.

A Levite chanced to pass that way
And came and looked where the wounded lay;
He paused a moment, then turned aside,
And too passed by on the other side.

A kind Samaritan then came by;
He viewed the man with pitying eye:
His heart was stirred for the one in need,
And he proved his love by kindliest deed.

With careful hand he gently bound
With oil and wine each bleeding wound;
Then brought him safely on his way
And left him rejoicing at dawn of day.

You think, O soul, of the man in need
And highly applaud such worthy deed,
While priest and Levite you've loud decried
For passing by on the other side.

Dost thou not know there's a land of night
Where souls are dying in awful plight?
Bleeding and wounded over the tide
While you "pass by on the other side"?

On the *other* side you idly wait;
No want or need but thy hand can sate.
You've heard till the story seems but stale,
Of the Lamb of God—still the heathen wail!

On the other side! What pleading cries!
What misery, dread, in their pathway lies!
No hope for the future; yet Christ has died
For the millions lost on the other side.

"Go ye!" the command he's left thee. "Go!"
Till remotest isle his name shall know,
Till heaven hears through its portals wide,
"Redeemed! redeemed!" from the other side.

THE EVENING CALL.

Far away in foreign regions,
Bound by strong Satanic chains,
Blood-bought sin-sick souls are dying
In a land where darkness reigns.
None to tell the love of Jesus
To those poor, benighted souls,
Perishing in heathen blindness,
While the judgment nearer rolls.

CHORUS.

Brother, will you go and save them?
Sister, hear their plaintive cry:
Destitute of hope they're dying,
While you're idly standing by.

See them in their blind devotion
Bowing down to wood and stone;
Never heard the death of Jesus
Was for sinners to atone.
Will you leave them still in darkness
With their hearts as hard as stone?
While the cleansing fount is open,
O my brother, help them in!

Millions of our fellow creatures,
Steeped in sin on India's shore;
Shrouded in the grossest darkness,
Africa has millions more.
Popish priests and carnal prophets
Hid the truth in gloom of night;
But the Lord now saves his people
In the precious evening light.

O dear brother, O my sister,
Give your talents, time, and store;
Freely give to save the heathen
Ere they're lost forevermore.
Be in haste, time is flying;
Oh, behold their awful plight!
Jesus weeps o'er sinners dying:
Send them now the gospel light.

'TIS YOU.

The world is waiting for somebody,
Waiting and watching today—
Somebody to lift up and strengthen,
Somebody to shield and stay.
Do you thoughtlessly question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
Somebody brave and strong,
With a helping hand and a generous heart,
With a gift of deed or song.
Do you doubtfully question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
This sad world, bleak and cold,
Where wan-faced children are watching
For hope in the eyes of the old.
Do you wondering, question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody
And has been years on years—

Somebody to soften its sorrow,
Somebody to heed its tears.
Then, doubting, question no longer, "Who?"
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody
A deed of love to do;
Then up and hasten everybody,
For everybody is you!
For everybody is you, my friend,
For everybody is you!

CHILDREN'S SERVICE

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you,
Little burdens that you may lift, little steps that you can take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Savior's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours;
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers,
And their help at task and toiling the church of God may claim;
Then rally little followers in Christ's most holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest of hope and cheer;
They will have the spell of melody for many a tired ear.

Don't you wish your gentle words might point some
souls above,
Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Re-
deemer's love?

There are orders meant for you. Swift and jubilant
they ring.
Oh the bliss of being trusted with the errands of the
King!
March unfearing in the service; not an evil can befall
Those who do his gracious bidding, hasting at the Mas-
ter's call.

THAT FAR COUNTRY.

They tell me that there is a country,
Far away o'er the wide, heaving sea,
Where the people know nothing of Jesus,
Who suffered that they might be free.
Their women to beasts are degraded,
Their daughters like cattle are sold,
And there the glad story of Jesus
To millions has not yet been told.

And some the glad story are telling,
But the laborers are so few,
And often their strength is all wasted
By hardship and poverty too.
They're reaching as far as they're able,
To bring those lost sheep to the fold;
But, saddest of all, the glad story
To many can not yet be told.

I think when I look at the comfort
Of our "glorious land of the free,"

Of some of the best of our people,
Who her beauties may nevermore see.
They've crossed the deep, rolling ocean,
They labor in heat and in cold;
But, saddest of all, the glad story
To millions can not yet be told.

Some need never leave their own fireside
To help this glad story to tell;
They could give of their means to send others,
To feed them and clothe them as well;
And then they could pray God to help them
His own wondrous truth to unfold.
How soon the glad story of Jesus
To many more might then be told!

But some of our well-favored people
Are rolling in wealth and in sin,
With never a thought of these lost ones
Or that they might to life enter in.
And some day the Savior is coming,
As promised to prophets of old;
But what shall become of those Christians
Who the story of Christ have not told?

THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold;
And, oh! the agony of such a death;
The half was never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
Like a wolf that is fierce for blood;
All the livelong day and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother;
The sight of it was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother;
The Queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A famishing babe to hold.
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a look of woe in its sunken eye,
And misery on its brow.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you
For food to give to your starving boy,
When you are starving, too?
For I read the famine on your cheek
And in your eye so mild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
While only across the channel
Are many who roll in gold.
There are the great men and the high,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the crumbs that drop in their hall tonight
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother;
Come nearer to my side
And hold me fondly as you held
My father when he died.
Quick! for I can not see you, mother;
My breath is almost gone.
Mother, dear mother, ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.

The sweetest story ever told,
And one the world will ne'er forget,
Comes from dear Bethany of old,
Down on the slope of Olivet.

'Tis how the Savior sat at meat
And Mary stole within the room
And poured upon his head and feet
Her treasured box of rare perfume.

And when indignant frowns were cast
And its great worth was counted o'er
And all was termed a reckless waste
And robbery of the wretched poor,

The gentle Savior deigns to say:
"She has a good work wrought on me,
As this is for my burial day."
The room grew still as still could be.

"I soon shall go; the poor abide
For you to bless whene'er you will."
A vision of a crimson tide
And cross they saw upon a hill.

"And wheresoe'er my word shall sound
And souls of men from deadness stir,
For ages long, the world around,
Shall this good deed be told of her."

Transfixed, the poor disciples thought,
And then the light of heaven came;
Through precious deeds of love are wrought
A joy eternal and a name.

STORM THE FORTS.

Soldiers of our God, arise!
The day is drawing nearer;
Shake the slumber from your eyes,
The light is growing clearer.
Sit no longer idly by
While the heedless millions die;
Lift the blood-stained banner high
And take the field for Jesus.

See the brazen hosts of hell
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark! from ruin's ghastly road,
Victims groan beneath their load,
Forward, O ye sons of God,
And dare or die for Jesus.

Warriors of the bleeding Lamb,
Army of salvation,
Spread the fame of Gilead's balm,
Converting every nation.

Raise the glorious standard higher,
Strike for victory—never tire;
Forward march with blood and fire,
And win the world for Jesus.

DO NOT BE A COWARD.

Do not be a coward;
If your task is long,
Only try the harder;
Idleness is wrong.
In the day of battle
Should the soldier fly,
Would you praise or blame him?
Child, arise and try!

For this is the battle
Which you have to fight—
Conquering the evil,
Doing what is right.
Firmly plant the footstep,
Firmly fix the eye;
Work while day remaineth—
Child, arise and try!

If you feel the evil
Of your heart within,
Or if Satan tempt you,
Leading you to sin,
Still in prayer remember
Jesus Christ is nigh:
Ask, and he will help you—
Child, arise and try!

MISSIONARY SONG.

Over the ocean wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day,
Groping in ignorance dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light.

CHORUS.

Pity them, pity them, Christians at home;
Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

Here in this happy land we have the light,
Shining from God's own Word, free, pure, and bright:
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers and preachers and all that they need?

Then when the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing;
Over the ocean wave, oh see them come!
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home.

WAITING FOR CLAY.

Dear souls are now falling around us;
Oh! why does our Savior delay?
His will is to save them, my brother;
He is waiting just now for some clay—

Some clay to be moulded and fashioned
And used as the Father doth say;
Though living yet dead in the furnace
That fashions a vessel from clay.

A vessel just now he would fashion
To scatter the bread by the way,
Yet souls still unfed are now fainting
While Jesus is waiting for clay.

The heathen should all be enlightened
And rescued from Satan's foul sway,
And Jesus is longing to save them;
He's waiting, yes, waiting for clay.

Our Savior, blest Potter, is waiting
A vessel to send on its way;
Oh, can we not say, "My dear Savior,
I fall at thy feet now as clay;

Oh, take me and mould me and fashion
A vessel and use it today;
I yield up myself and possessions,
Contented to be only clay"?

THE CHILD ON THE STAIR.

Only a mother with heart full of care,
Hands always busy from morning till night.
Safe hidden away in an upper room,
Entreating her God for guidance aright.

Her babies were four, all given to Him,
Who lent them again for training and care;
And now for the grace and wisdom she'd need
Alone was the theme of her earnest prayer.

Only a child coming in from play,
Calling for Mama, sped lightly up-stair;

Safe on the landing, her heart filled with awe;
She heard the sweet voice of mother in prayer.

She caught but few words, as from loved lips they fell,
In tones that were tender, beseeching and mild,
But they thrilled her soul and turned her young heart;
Her own name was mentioned with "God bless my child."

Only a mother with heart filled with joy,
Reaping in gladness the fruit of her prayer,
Forgetting the pain, the tears, and the toil;
A Lord's chosen worker is that child on the stair.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Some day the summer will be ended,
Some day the harvest will be past;
Your day for sowing seed and reaping
Will not, my brother, always last.

Some day you'll come before the Master,
Some day before him you shall stand;
Oh! will you come with golden harvest,
Or shall you come with empty hand?

THE MILLIONS IN DARKNESS.

There are millions in darkness in lands far away,
Who are wand'ring in sin and are going astray;
Who will take them the light of the gospel today?
Go out quickly and bid them come in.

Our Redeemer and Savior came down from the sky;
He did suffer, did bleed, did ascend up on high,
And he bids us to carry the light ere they die.
Go out quickly and bid them come in.

When we think of the suffering, the sin, and the woe,
We should take them the light that will blessings bestow;
We should haste and obey his command that says, "Go."
We should hasten and bid them come in.

They are dying by thousands each day and each night,
And are passing away ere they have gospel light
Which dispels all the darkness and makes the way bright;
Who will take them the light of God's Word?

They are anxiously waiting to hear the glad news,
Of a full, free salvation for those who will choose
To forsake all their sins, and the devil refuse;
Who will take them the tidings of love?

A LITTLE INDIAN BOY'S PLEA.

I am a little Indian boy,
Of Jesus never heard.
Oh! pity me, dear Christian child,
And send to me his word;
Oh! pity me, for I have grief
So great I can not tell,
And say if truly there's a heaven
Where such as I can dwell.

They tell me that you have a book
That you can read alway,

That teaches you just how to live
And the dear Lord obey;
But such a privilege we have not
To read God's holy Word,
To sit together and to hear
The precious Word of God.

They tell me that across the sea
There is plenty and to spare;
Oh! were we little children there
Those blessings all to share.
But you who have them will you not
Lay by your mites in store
To send to us who hungry are?
And God will give you more.

They tell me that you have your schools
And homes so full of love,
Where you can dwell in happiness,
Approved by God above;
But in this country we must go
Hungry, naked, poor, despised,
Until some hand by providence
Can rescue our unhappy lives.

NATIVE LAND.

Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well.
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you, far in
Heathen lands to dwell?

Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee.
Can I, can I say farewell;
Can I leave thee, far in
Heathen lands to dwell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well.
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell;
Pleased I leave thee, far in
Heathen lands to dwell.

In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Savior,
To redeem a world from hell;
Let me hasten, far in
Heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell.
Heaves my heart with warm emotion
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee, native land,
Farewell, farewell.

MARTYR MISSIONARIES.

And shall I not at God and duty's call
Fly to the utmost limits of the ball,
Cross the wide sea, along the desert toil,
Or circumnavigate each land and isle,

To torrid regions fly to save the lost,
Or brave the rigors of eternal frost?
I may, like Brainerd, perish in my bloom,
A group of Indians weeping round my tomb;
I may, like Martyn, lay my burning head
In some lone Persian hut or Turkish shed;
I may, like Coke, be buried in the wave;
I may, like Howard, find a Tartar's grave,
Or perish, like Xavier, on the beach
In some lone cottage, out of friendship's reach;
I may—but never let my soul repine;
"Lo, I am with you"—heaven is in that line;
Tropic or pole, mild or burning zone,
Is but a step from my celestial throne.

THEY ARE WAITING.

They are waiting in the wild,
Sick and weary and defiled,
And the Savior's healing word
They have never even heard;
Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the Living Bread—
Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

Oh! the long, long years are flown
Since the Master bid his own
Bear the message far and wide
Of a Savior crucified;
"Flash the light o'er vale and hill!"
Yet they sit in darkness still—
Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

For the happy beam of day
That shall chase their gloom away;

For the news, so glad and blest,
That shall set their hearts at rest;
For the peace we know and prize,
And the hope beyond the skies—
Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

HEATHEN CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me;
Forbid them not," did Jesus say.
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said he;
O brother, don't turn us away.

O brother, we children are straying today
Far, far from the Savior's warm fold;
We're naked and starving in poverty now.
Oh, leave us not here in the cold.

O sister, we children are crying for food
That comes from the Savior's warm hand;
Oh, give us, we pray thee, the bread from on high;
Oh, rescue us in this dark land.

We're dying in heathendom, sister, oh, come
And bring us to Jesus, our Friend.
We're longing to see him and serve him in truth,
In his praises our voices to blend.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

I may not go to India,
To China or Japan;
To work for Jesus here at home,
I'll do the best I can.

I'll tell of his great love for me,
And how I love him, too;
And, better far, I'll show my love
In all that I may do.

The little water-drops come down
To make the flowers grow;
The little rivulets flow on
To bless where'er they go;
The little seeds make mighty trees
To cool us with their shade.
If little things like these do good,
To try I'm not afraid.

I'll be a missionary now
And work the best I may;
For if I want to work for God,
There surely is a way.
I'll pray for those who cross the sea;
My offering, too, I'll send,
And do all that is in my power,
This great, bad world to mend.

WEEP FOR THE LOST.

Weep for the lost! Thy Savior wept
O'er 'Salem's hapless doom;
He wept to think their day was past,
And come their night of gloom.

Weep for the lost! The prophets wept
O'er Israel's gloomy fate;
When vengeance had unsheathed her sword,
Repentance came too late.

Weep for the lost! Apostles wept
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject
And endless life refuse.

Weep for the lost! The lost will weep
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil with ceaseless care
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair.

LOVE DELIGHTS TO GIVE.

I can not fathom that infinite "so"
That stirred the great heart divine;
But while in the body I certainly know
A share in that love may be mine.
For thus it is written; the record I trace
Says "God so loved that he gave"
The Son of his love for Adam's race,
For love delights to save.

Believing the record of gospel truth,
That love reaches even to me,
I pledge my love from the days of my youth,
For his truth hath made me free.
My heart toward him forever goes out,
It is his so long as I live;
And love makes it easy, whate'er comes about,
Since love delights to give.

IN MEMORIAM.

Away from her home and the friends of her youth
She hoisted the standard of mercy and truth,
For the love of her Lord, and to seek for the lost;
Soon, alas! was her fall, but she died at her post.

The strangers they wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor she led in the van of the host,
And she fell like a soldier—she died at her post.

She wept not herself that her warfare was done—
The battle was fought and the victory won—
But she whispered to those whom her heart loved the most,
"Tell my comrades for me that I died at my post."

Victorious her fall, for she rose as she fell,
With Jesus, her Master, in glory to dwell;
She has passed o'er the sea, she has reached the bright coast,
For she fell like a warrior—she died at her post.

And can we the words of our comrade forget?
Oh no, they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so sacred can never be lost;
We will fall in the fight, we will die at our post.

A TYPICAL CHILD WIDOW.

I'm a little child, yet none will save;
When five years old, betrothed to age,
To age with one foot touching the grave,
Yet when he dies the family rage.

The family storm, and curse, and swear;
The little wife has caused his death!
How shall I tell how widows fare?
O God, I have not power nor breath.

Sold into bondage, a helpless slave!
One hundred rupees! The paltry sum
My parents took, the old man gave,
And I was his whate'er might come!

The blows, and words as hard as blows,
And, oh! the sorrows when he died!
E'en red-hot irons their hands applied;
The scars my injured body shows.

They shaved the soft, dark locks of hair,
When but eleven, from my head;
They counted me as with the dead!
The dead!—I wish that I were there.

Yes, with the dead I long to be:
There, surely, I'll find rest and peace.
Come, O my God! and set me free;
In death's cold arms give me release.

INDIA CHILDREN.

Dear little children in India,
Greeting in Jesus' name.
I write to tell you that Jesus
A Lamb for sinners was slain.

He suffered on Calvary's summit;
He there shed his blood for thee.

He did it so willingly, children;
'Twas all for you and for me.

Then think of the sacrifice, children,
Of leaving his home up in heav'n,
Of giving his life for poor sinners;
To save us his life he has giv'n.

O children, he longs so to save you;
He wants now to make you all pure;
He is longing to gather you, children,
In his arms all safe and secure.

He wants you to serve him, dear children,
To give him your life's service now;
He wants you to work in his vineyard
Until death gathers cold on your brow.

And then he will take you to heaven
To live in the mansions so fair,
And there you'll rejoice with the angels
And dwell with the saved over there.

THE FAMINE CRY.

Far away in poor, sad India,
In a land of awful night,
Is a great and grievous famine,
Bringing sorrow, fear, and blight.

Oh! behold the starving millions
In this dark and dreary land;
Hear their crying, earnest pleading,
From this famine-stricken strand.

Yes, her sky is bright and cloudless,
Still and clear 'most ev'ry day,
And the fields are dry and fruitless;
All the herbs have dried away.

See the plains so bare and lonely
Lying 'neath the scorching sun,
With no bread to feed the starving,
Who are dying one by one.

Now the days are hot and trying
On this dark and mournful shore;
For all rain has ceased its falling,
And distress is raging sore.

Hear the cries of those who famish
'Neath the sun's oppressive heat,
Who are weak and sick and helpless
For the want of corn and wheat.

Many thousands now are starving
In this dry and dreary land;
If your house abounds with plenty,
Send them now a helping hand.

Yes, the children too are crying
For some grain and crumbs of bread,
While the weary, anxious mother
Near is lying almost dead.

Little children by the roadside
Gathering grain (they gladly eat)
That was spilled by transportation
And was trampled 'neath the feet.

Had they but some good cool water
And a few handfuls of wheat,
I am sure they'd say, " 'Tis better
Than the leaves we have to eat."

Who has yet a heart of pity
That can help a suff'ring one,
While he wanders in this desert
Neath the burning India sun?

Help them now, O brother, sister,
While you hear their sad, sad cry;
You can pray the Lord to send them
Manna from the vaulted sky.

While your land abounds with plenty
And you of its blessing share,
Don't forget poor starving India.
Friend and brother, is it fair?

A PRAYER FOR OUR MISSIONARIES.

We come before thee, Lord, in fervent prayer,
For thy dear servants in the mission field;
Oh, keep them by thy love and special care
And let them find thee ever sun and shield.

Shine in their hearts, and give a widening view
Of thy great love to them, so deep, so sweet,
That it may kindle flames of love anew
For heathen souls, to bring them to thy feet.

And may thy Spirit breathe the words they speak,
And press them home with vital, mighty pow'r,

That hungry hearts the living bread may seek
And find the Savior ere their dying hour.

Shield thou thy servants, Lord, beneath thy wing;
Preserve their lives and give them strength and health;
Each daily need supply and succor bring
From thine own gracious stores of boundless wealth.

If they should languish on a bed of pain,
Soothe thou their pain with kind and gentle hands,
And raise them up to speak for thee again,
Their power increased to live out thy commands.

Let not their souls grow cold, or faint, or dead:
They water others, Lord; oh, water them.
May they abide in thee each step they tread,
With faith's firm fingers on thy garment's hem.

And when the tender light of home behind
Shall cause affection's tear to fondly start,
Cheer thou their loneliness and let them find
Thyself the solace for an aching heart.

Oh, spread thine everlasting arms around,
And bear and guide them through this mortal strife.
Till in thy presence all are safely found,
And take from thy loved hand the crown of life.

INDIA.

SIGHTS IN THE PUNJAB.

I live in a country where things are so queer;
When I tell them, you'll scarcely believe me, I fear,
And yet I must try, for it's right you should know
What goes on in the world, where some day you may go.

The clothing's the first thing that comes to my mind;
Strange, upside-down customs you will ev'rywhere find!
Our gardener is dressed in a sort of loose skirt,
While his wife may be seen in red trousers and shirt.
In exchange for a hat, he winds round his head
Ten yards, perhaps more, of bright muslin instead;
So if from a distance he's seen, one might think
He looked like a marigold, sunflower, or pink.
She covers her head with a sort of red sheet,
Which often is neither too clean nor too neat.
She carries her baby astride on her hip,
From whence 'tis in danger from being let slip.
When the gardener comes in with a basket of fruits,
He keeps his head covered, but slips off his boots.

He sits on the ground to dig or to rake,
And she does the same when fresh bread she must bake.
He daily goes home to his breakfast at noon,
Which he eats, you must know, without knife, fork, or spoon.
His bread is quite flat, like our English pan-cakes,
And, in place of hot tea, of cold milk he partakes.
When he's eaten enough, his hookah is brought—
(It's the name of a pipe of a curious sort);
Then under a tree in the garden he goes,
On a little cane bedstead to have a nice doze.

He kneels on the ground five times in the day,
And hopes to please God in his own ignorant way;
He thinks from Mahomet he some day may win
An entrance to heaven, and healing from sin.
He loves not the name of the Savior, you see,
Who came to set all men from misery free.

READY.

"Ready to preach the gospel." Rom. 1: 5.
"Ready to die for the name of the Lord Jesus." Acts 21: 13.

Ready to go, ready to wait,
Ready a gap to fill;
Ready for service, small or great;
Ready to do His will.

Ready to suffer grief or pain,
Ready to stand the test;
Ready to stay at home and send
Others if He sees best.

Ready to do, ready to bear,
Ready to watch and pray,
Ready to stand aside and wait
Till He shall clear the way.

Ready to speak, ready to think,
Ready with heart and brain;
Ready to start when He sees fit,
Ready to bear the strain.

Ready to warn, ready to seek,
Ready o'er souls to mourn;
Ready in life, ready in death;
Ready for his return.

BETTER BE DEAD.

To lie by the river of life and see it run to waste;
To eat of the tree of heaven, while the nations go unfed;
To taste the full salvation—the only one to taste—
To live, while the rest are lost—oh, better by far be dead!

A PRAYER—A QUESTION.

O Holy Ghost, thy people move;
Baptize their hearts with faith and love,
And consecrate their gold,
At Jesus' feet their millions pour,
And all their ranks unite once more,
As in the days of old.

They are passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day
In Christless guilt and gloom.
O church of Christ, what wilt thou say
When in that awful judgment-day
They charge thee with their doom?

DO GOOD TODAY.

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth;
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap each joy in the by and by,
  But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
  But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
  "What have we done today?"

WHY.

Why are the heathen dying
  In dark and endless night,
When Jesus came from heaven
  To give them life and light?

It is not that God their Father
  Forgets their helpless lot:
He told some one to tell them,
  And they, alas! forgot.

MEN'S MISSIONARY SONG.

Onward, army of God,
  To victory, not to defeat!
Yielding your blood-won ground
  To error were sad escheat;
Bugles of truth should never sound
  The sorrowful note of retreat!

Forward in Jesus' name!
  The column must not fall back!
Answer the challenge of foes
  By charge of a fresh attack.
Soldiers of Christ, forbid the shame
  Of letting the vanguard lack.

Forward in Mercy's name,
True to the Master's will;
To win him a hostile world,
By rendering good for ill;
Seeking to help, not to hurt his foes,
To rescue and not to kill.

Forward, gleaners of love!
After the bands of war;
Soothe with the balm of peace
Spirits that hate would mar,
Pointing the eyes of dying men
To hope's unsetting star.

Speed with your aiding arm
To wrecks of humanity,
Broken by many a storm,
Adrift upon life's rough sea!
Brightening night with the Beacon Light
Of blest Immortality.

MY CALLING.

I have a calling high,
A charge to me is given,
To bear to men who die
The saving word from heaven.
O world and flesh, give way ye must!
I'm with the gospel put in trust!

Above me is my God;
I hear his urgent voice:
He speaks of Jesus' blood
And resurrection joys.
No time have I for care or lust—
I'm with the gospel put in trust!

IS IT NOTHING TO ME?

Is it nothing to me that the children cry
For bread in some foreign land,
When some at least can be amply fed
By a little coin from my hand?

Is it nothing to me that souls now die
Who ne'er heard of Jesus' name?
That to countless thousands across the sea
Salvation never came?

Aye, 'tis much to me; so with cheerful heart
My coin will I freely give,
And daily I'll heavenward send my prayers
That their perishing souls may live.

OUR SUNSET SONG.

Now o'er the waters
Burns the crimson after-glow;
From a hundred temples
Fades the day so slow.
Where the palm-tree rises,
Telling of a foreign strand,
Turn our hearts in sorrow
For this stranger land.

CHORUS.

India, sad India,
Let the dead year speak no more;
India, sad India,
Open now thy door.

Well may each sunset
Leave the color-mark of pain
On sky and waters
In its crimson stain.

And when fiery sun-gleams
Fall on piles where widows died,
See we then the suffering
Centuries can not hide.

Oh, how we're longing
That you know the Prince of Peace;
When he shall enter,
Thou shalt find release.
When the whole world's Savior
Lay beneath the evening star,
Saw you not your Day-spring
Rising from afar?

CHORUS.

India, O India,
Lift your eyes from ruins old;
India, O India,
Now thy light behold.

Far towards the sunset
Lies a land to pilgrims dear,
But alone in dreaming
Do its shores draw near;
But the heart grows braver
Looking towards that homeland shore,
For the time is coming
When the sea's no more.

CHORUS.

India, our India,
We would still with thee go on;
India, our India,
Onward to the dawn.

THE CAUSE OF THANKSGIVING.

Into the waiting soil, over the hill and vale,
One day the good seed were sown;
Spite of the threatening sky, spite of the breezes' chill,
Now they have prospered and grown.

Springtime has gone, and now summer so bright and fair
Smiles on the ripe golden grain;
Hear you those joyous shouts, borne on the evening air,
Over the broad fertile plain.

Who is so blest as they who after waiting long,
Watching the seed they have cast,
Join in the harvest cheer, join in the reaper's song,
Bringing the sheaves home at last?

If they had never cast those precious seeds away
Over the wide waiting plain,
Where would their pleasure be? how could they shout today?
How could they reap golden grain?

Haste! let us sow the seed into the world's wide field;
Some day the harvest will come;
Glad tears shall fill our eyes when all the golden yield
Safely is garnered at home.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

We often think of those that are gone
Across the deep wide sea,
And wonder, Do they yearn for home
And long once more to be

Within its bonds of welcome love,
Once more beneath its roof,
And share the comforts it bestows,
From which they are aloof?

And if their labor there should be
Beneath the torrid sun,
Will they not cast their eyes and see
The shaded roof of home?

Ah, yes, they think of loved ones left
And cherish one sweet hope—
That they shall anchor safe again,
When all their work is done.

But should their work come to a close
Ere they return again,
They'll bid adieu in sweet repose,
And say, "Dear Lord, amen."

And then they'll reap the great reward
For those who labor on.
And evermore be with the Lord
In heaven, home, sweet home.

THE SUMMONS.

O valiant-hearted soldiers,
Of all our faithful band,
God calls no greater labors,
Alike on sea and land.
In vain he shall not summon;
Ready to die or live,
"Send me," we answer gladly;
"Our all we freely give."

CHORUS.

Then out, away, and onward
To darkest heathen lands
To take the world for Jesus;
Press on, ye valiant bands.

God-called and Spirit-burdened
For service everywhere,
In dark and distant countries,
In line for service there.
E'en life most freely given
To rescue men from death,
And crying, "Jesus only,"
Till life's supremest breath.

No time for lamentation
Nor for the funeral tread;
Let those who dwell in darkness,
Dead souls, watch o'er their dead.
The Master calls thee; hasten
Whene'er ye hear his voice.
Oh! let not self or Satan,
But Jesus, guide your choice.

"Ten thousand sit in darkness,
Ten thousand stretch their hands,
Ten thousand cry in anguish,
'Oh, come and save our lands!'
Hasten, ye soldiers blood-washed,
And called of God to go;
Hasten on wings of morning,
That all your Lord may know."

This, this your mission, workers,
To ev'ry land and tongue;

Go, go proclaim the story,
E'en as your Lord hath done.
"Farewell," cry as you hasten,
To home and ease and friends;
Then forward, outward ever,
Till all life's labor ends.

TWELVE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Twelve little children around me cling,
And sweet are the innocent songs they sing,
Tender and bright are the pretty eyes.
O Father, help me to sympathize
With the little sorrows and little joys
Of six little girls and six little boys.

Yuhanna the oldest, who's almost seven,
Oft talks to the rest of God and heaven.
Dear little Musa's a baby quite;
He's cutting teeth and cries in the night.

Poor little Shanti, the frailest of girls,
With pale, sweet face and jet-black curls,
Oft cheers our hearts through the busy days
With innocent words and loving ways.

Dear little Flora and little Dora
Are sisters both to baby Nora.

The roguish one is Hira Lal;
The persevering, little Paul.
Abraham's a solid boy,
Enjoying much a book or toy.

Dear little Walter's sparkling eyes
Oft dimmed by tears, like summer skies—
First a shower, then the sun,
He needs your prayers, this little one.

Piyari's a wise and winsome child,
Inclined to loving ways and mild.

Esther is wayward, though loving and sweet;
God help me to guide her little feet
In ways that are good and right and true.
Oh pray for her and the others too.

These six little girls and six little boys
With children's sorrows and children's joys,
Has each one his virtue and failing too;
I bring them each and all to you.
Pray much for these babies who round me cling;
Thus each little one to the Savior bring.

ARE YOU SHARING IN THE HARVEST?

Are you sharing in the harvest,
  In the vineyard of the Lord,
Toiling only for the Master,
  With his love and sweet accord?

Are you with those in the battle?
  Are you standing by their side
With your prayers and consolation,
  True whatever may betide?

Do you watch to lift some burden
  When they're weary with their toil?

Or alone just leave them struggle
Till the tempter they can foil?

Would you share the bliss of glory,
When the harvest will be o'er,
With the consecrated faithful
When they stand on yon bright shore?

When the judge rewards the reapers
Who have labored long and late,
Through the sunshine and the shadows
In the harvest-field so great,

Will you then be there rejoicing,
Sharing with the true and tried,
E'er to wear a crown of glory
And in heaven e'er abide?

If you too would share the glory
And reward of endless bliss,
Don't neglect to share the burden,
Lest the blessing you should miss.

A CHRISTIAN'S TRUST.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait with muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

IN MEMORY OF SISTER JARVIS.

On one peaceful early morn
Ere the light of day had dawned,
To a little mission home across the sea
Came a message fom above,
Borne by angel hands of love.
'Twas to set a weary toiling pilgrim free.

'Twas the silent hand of death,
Come to save from all distress
And to bear her happy spirit home to God.
"Ah, no foes can e'er molest"
On the Savior's loving breast,
Though the body gently sleeps beneath the sod.

Though she'd toiled so hard and long,
Through the sunshine and the storm,
Yet her heart's delight was still to labor on.
Now her work on earth is o'er,
And with Christ she's gone before,
E'er to reign with him and wear a starry crown.

Yes, her life was meek and true,
And God's will she loved to do,

Counting not her life as dear to win the lost,
Scattering all along her way
Seeds of kindness ev'ry day,
For she sought to win a soul at any cost.

Through privation's heat and cold,
Pain and sorrow oft untold,
Toiled she faithfully while others were at rest;
For she meant to gain that prize
Far beyond the starry skies
And to dwell with all the holy and the blest.

Though our hearts with sorrow swell
When we bid the last farewell
To our loved ones as they leave their home of clay.
Yet our Savior comes so near,
All our hearts with hope to cheer
And to bear our grief and sorrows all away.

Jesus fills the vacancy,
Sets the troubled spirit free,
And he makes the wounded spirit fully well,
And there's none can comfort bring
Like our God, to whom we cling,
For he makes the heavy heart his praise to swell.

Though we'll see her face no more
Till we meet on yon bright shore
Yet we know with her 'tis well, yea, all is well;
Now she's resting over there,
In that blissful land so fair,
Where the righteous with the Savior ever dwell.

Oh, how peaceful is that rest
"Where no foe can e'er molest"!

In the bosom of our Father's loving care,
Ah, 'tis rest eternally,
For no sorrows ere can be
In our Father's holy mansion over there.

When our labor here is done
And the victory is won,
We shall meet with all our loved ones gone before;
There we'll join that happy throng,
With the sweetest praise in song,
And the painful word "farewell" to hear no more.

SAVED.

A story of courage and daring
That's told of a brave Hussar—
Not of his valor in fighting,
Not of his skill in war;
But a story of pluck and pity,
Of coolness amid alarm,
Of a life that was risked for a little child;
A tale of a strong right arm.

To gaze at the troops' maneuvers
The people had come that day;
But a little girl from her mother's side
Started and rushed away,
Into the path of the horses—
It seemed that her doom was sealed—
Just as a band of troopers
Charged rapidly down the field!

Trampled to death by the horses,
Trampled and crushed and torn;

A sight that would move the coldest
And make the sternest mourn.
On came the galloping riders—
They could not turn nor stay,
And their hearts were turned to water
When they saw the child in the way.

An instant, and all would be over!
But quick as a swallow's flight,
Throwing a leg from the stirrup,
Down bent a trooper white;
Over the neck of his charger
He leaned to the ground—and smiled
As he caught a little garment
And seized and lifted the child.

Up on his saddle he took her,
Took her and held her tight;
Living, unhurt, uninjured,
Suffering only from fright.
Back to her mother he gave her,
While the thousands cheered and cheered,
And the mother she wept o'er the baby, saved
From the terrible death she feared.

A story of courage and daring,
That's told of a soldier brave.
Oh for such valor and pity
When there are souls to save!
Let us stoop to the earth, my brothers,
A comrade from peril to win—
From the iron hoofs of temptation
And the trampling hoofs of sin.

A MISSIONARY PRAYER.

O precious Lord, now cheer my heart,
As from my loved ones I must part;
I've left them all to follow thee,
To cross the deep and restless sea.

Help me forget my home so dear,
And wipe away my ev'ry tear;
For thou hast called me far away,
And thy sweet voice I did obey.

Oh, give me souls, my heart's desire,
And grace to pass through trials of fire.
To thee, dear Lord, I'll e'er be true,
And all thy will most gladly do.

When all my work on earth is o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
And praise the Lord eternally
For blessings and for victory.

LIFT YOUR EYES.

Lift your eyes, my brother, sister,
  Lift them to the fields all white;
Look out on the heathen millions,
  Dying without life or light;
Falling like the leaves in autumn
  To their graves beneath the snow;
So in one unending column
  Down to death and hell they go.

Lift your eyes unto the harvest;
  Listen to your Lord's command;

Give the gospel as a witness;
Speed it to the isles and lands.

Lift your eyes, extend your vision,
Look beyond your selfish sphere,
Take a world-wide glance around you,
See the souls in guilt and fear,
Who have never known of Jesus,
Falling, dying, unprepared,
To confront us in the judgment
With the words, "You never cared."

Lift your eyes; your heathen brethren
Never yet have even heard
Of the Christ who died to save them,
Of the blessed, living Word.
They are groping on in darkness
Hast'ning each into his grave,
Slipping fast away in sorrow,
Past our power to help or save.

Lift your eyes; the Master speaketh;
'Tis his voice commands us still.
If you love him, truly love him,
You will answer, "Lord, I will;
I will look upon the harvest,
I will haste to lend a hand.
Praying, giving, yes, and going."
For he's said, "To every land."

A TOUCH OF HUMAN HANDS.

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless in olden days;

The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the Great Physician's eye
And touch him as he passed.

We have not in our hours of need
His seamless garments pressed
Nor felt his tender human hand
On us in blessing rest;
Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good-will to men.

Whenever man his brother man
Upholds in helpfulness,
Whenever strong and tender clasp
A lonely heart doth bless,
The Christ of God is answering
A stricken world's demands
And leading back a wandering race
By a touch of human hands.

TO THE WORKERS.

I'm thinking tonight of the souls lost in sin,
Of numbers now going to hell;
The many who know not of God's love for them,
So few the glad tidings to tell.

Then those who have slighted the dear Savior's love,
Tonight they are lost in despair.
Soon others will follow, except they repent;
Alone they their burdens must bear.

"I've missed it at last!" Oh, how awful these words!
The saddest that mortal can speak;
And yet, Christian friends, there are thousands of souls
These words, in their anguish, repeat.

My brother and sister, with these facts to face,
How, then, can you dare idle be?
The harvest is great, but the laborers few;
Then say, "Here am I, Lord; send me."

Think not of your riches, of home, and your friends,
In view of refusing to help;
O thou whom the Master designed for his work,
A burden for souls hast thou felt?

Then bid all farewell, the dear Savior obey,
An idler, no longer to be;
Grim death soon will hush the sad pleadings of those
Who daily are calling for thee.

A WAITING WORLD.

The night of the world is falling,
And, brothers, no common cry
Comes out from the distance, calling
The multitudes passing by.
It is not for the want of pleading
Men go on their way unstirred,
But the gospel they pass unheeding
The heathen have never heard.

The sweetness of God's salvation
Is still to the world unknown,
And many a mighty nation
Does homage to wood and stone.

The Master himself will measure
  Your part in this solemn call;
He noticed the rich man's treasure,
  He valued the widow's all.

The world for its Lord is waiting!
  Oh, with pity unfelt before,
And a zeal that is unabating,
  Press in through the open door.
Go ye! 'tis a high endeavor,
  And happy are all who toil;
The battle is not forever,
  And you shall divide the spoil.

INDIA FOR CHRIST.

Ye sons of India's favored clime
  Who inwardly have crowned Him,
The love of Jesus tell around
  Till myriads more have found him:
Till North and South, and East and West,
  The chains of sins are falling,
Where sin-bound souls, before unblest,
  Are on the Savior calling.

For them, for them, the glorious gift
  Of bliss through endless ages
Was purchased by his dying love—
  The theme of sacred pages.
The pardoned sin, the new-born heart,
  The joy of holy living:
Go tell to blighted lives the news
  Of what thy Lord is giving!

Arise! arise! The grandest theme
By human lips e'er spoken,
Constrained by love to Christ above,
Proclaim as love's best token;
By service pray, "Thy will be done";
Oh, seek the lost as brothers;
Go labor on till India's won—
Be blest in blessing others.

O vision fair of coming days
When India's homes benighted
With Christian faith and love o'erspread
And heavenly joys are lighted;
When lays of praise to Christ as King
From vale and hill are ringing,
The harvest-song of garnered souls
Triumphant lips are singing.

TAKING AND GIVING.

"Shall I take and take, and never give?"
The robin chirped. "No; that would be wrong."
So he picked at the berries and flew away,
And poured out his soul in a beautiful song.

"Shall I take and take, and never give?"
The bee in the clover buzzed. "No, no!"
So he gathered the honey and filled his cell,
But 'twas not for himself that he labored so.

"Shall I take and take, and never give?"
What answer will you make, my merry one?
Like the blossoms, the bird, and the bee, do you say,
"I will not live for myself alone"?

Let the same eager hands that are ready to take
The things that our Father so freely has giv'n,
Be ever ready to do a kind deed,
Till love to each other makes earth seem like heav'n.

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

To the ends of the earth let the tidings sound
Till the lost have a chance to hear,
Till those who in sinful chains lie bound
Are free and their Maker revere.

To the ends of the earth let the heralds go,
For thus the commission reads;
With an anxious tear by all waters sow
Till the "good ground" is covered with seeds.

To the ends of the earth, leaving friends and home,
Oh, who will the sacrifice make,
And work with a zeal till the Lord shall come?
For perishing souls are at stake.

To the ends of the earth with a heart full of love,
Oh, work with tenderest care
Till the blessing of grace shall be sent from above,
That sinners salvation may share.

To the ends of the earth, for the fields are all white,
Go, ye reapers, and gather the grain;
Ye stewards of means, respond with delight,
For nothing your zeal should restrain.

To the ends of the earth let us hasten to start;
Our reward at the last will be great.

With loved ones at home decide you will part,
"Redeeming the time" ere too late.

To the ends of the earth lest the perishing die,
Lest their blood be required at our hands;
Lest our privilege to help them ere long shall pass by,
Bear the gospel in haste to all lands.

To the ends of the earth spread the tidings of peace,
Let the star of hope shine in the sky,
Bring the gospel to those who are seeking release
Till they're saved by the blood and "brought nigh."

O ZION, HASTE.

O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is light;
That he who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.

Behold, how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Savior's dying
Or of the life he died for them to win.

'Tis time to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord his life laid down;
Beware! lest, slothful to fulfil thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck his crown.

Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is love;
Tell how he stooped to save his lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

Give thy sons to bear the message glorious,
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious,
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

He comes again! O Zion, ere thou meet him,
Make known to ev'ry heart his saving grace;
Let none whom he hath ransomed fail to greet him
Through thy neglect, unfit to see his face.

THE HEATHEN MOTHER.

By the side of her sleeping infant
A heathen mother stands,
With heart that is wildly beating,
And with firmly clasped hands.

The sun shines bright above her,
As thus she silently waits;
She will not touch her darling
'Til from his sleep he wakes.

A smile is upon his features,
As if in childish play;
He is dreaming of his pleasures,
On this beautiful summer's day.

And the mother, looking upon him,
Utters a painful sigh,
To think that her child so innocent,
Today must surely die.

She believes that the gods demand it
And that she must give him up,

Though to her this terrible summons
Is a wretchedly bitter cup.

The child stirs in his slumbers,
She snatches him to her breast,
She hastens toward the river;
There must be his rest.

She nears the brink of the river,
A moment she holds the child,
Then she casts him swiftly from her
And shrieks with terror wild.

And e'en as he touches the waters,
A head of awful might
Appears above the surface
And drags the child from sight.

O mother! can you imagine
The anguish that filled her heart
As she saw all that she loved most dear
Thus from her sight depart?

Do you wonder she fled from the river
And wished that she were dead,
That she might have sunk 'neath the water
And saved her child instead?

You may say it does not matter,
She knew not what she had done;
But think! how would you have felt
Had it been your little one?

Yes, think and then remember
Your sister over the sea

And the cruel sacrifice
Her innocent babe must be.

And thus to their foolish idols
They offer their sacrifice;
They believe that for their happiness
This is the only price.

They are our erring sisters,
And shall we, in a Christian land,
Idly sit and listen,
Nor offer a helping hand?

No! for surely we can do something
To clear away their night,
To lift their souls from darkness
And lead them to the light.

'Tis true we are small in numbers,
But drops the ocean make;
So let us labor all we can
For our dear Master's sake.

THE HARVEST-FIELDS ARE WHITE.

So many idle, folded hands,
And the harvest-fields are white;
Low droop the heavy heads of wheat
That wait the reaper's weary feet,
The sickle in his willing hands,
For the "harvest-fields are white."

So many here that sit at ease
While beneath yon darker skies
The wretchedness and misery

Even angels well might see.
How can we dare to sit at ease
Beneath these golden skies?

So fleet, so few the moments be
For binding up the sheaves!
The Master calls; do not delay,
But haste some fruit to reap today;
For soon our only joy shall be
In bringing home the sheaves.

UNTO THE LEAST.

There are heathen in the distance,
There are heathen at our doors,
Who have come a weary journey
From the far-off foreign shores.
O America, the chosen,
Where the gospel is proclaimed!
Shall they stand in pagan darkness
While your lips a Christ have named?

Shall we pass them by unheeding
In the busy marts of life,
And no heart-throbs beat within us
To a better, nobler strife?
Shall the garments of his chosen
Guiltless of their life-blood be,
If their eyes are never pointed
To the Lamb of Calvary?

Oh those souls in prison fettered,
Bound by superstition's chains!
Tell them of a Christ, a heaven,
Of a "rest" that there remains,

Lest he sometime whisper sadly,
When his glory we shall see,
"To the least of these ye went not,
So ye came not unto me."

NOT IDLE.

I dare not idle stand
While upon ev'ry hand
The whitening fields proclaim the harvest near;
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for thee,
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet;
Beneath some shell's rough side
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gift my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand
While over all the land
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine.
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But at my Lord's command
Labor for him throughout my life's short day;
Evening will come at last,
Day's labor all be passed,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A little brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped into the box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings;
It carried the message by Jesus sent;
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel day?

And who can tell of the blessing that came
To a little child when Christ looked down?
Or how the penny, worn and old,
At last will change to a golden crown?

THE FAMINE CHILD.

There's a child outside your door—let him in;
He may never pass it more—let him in.
Let a little wanderer waif
Find a shelter sweet and safe
In the love and light of home;
Let him come.

There's a cry along your street day by day,
There's a sound of little feet gone astray.
Open wide your guarded gate

For the little ones that wait,
Till a voice of love from home
Bids them come.

There's a voice divinely sweet calls today,
"Will you let these little feet stray away?"
Let the lambs be homeward led,
And of you it shall be said,
"You have done it faithfully
Unto me."

We shall stand some solemn day at his door;
Shall we hear the Master say, o'er and o'er,
"Let the children all come in
From a world of pain and sin;
Open wide the doors of home;
Children, come"?

INDIA'S BREAK OF DAY.

For ages past the chaos night
Wrapped India in gloom
Of superstition and of sin,
Of dread of death and doom.

A constant feeling after God
Poor India's sons possessed;
They strove to come in touch with him
And find in him sweet rest.

'Tis vain to search the Hindu myth;
No sweet assurance there
Of God's great surging, boundless love,
Of his kind Father-care.

To idols prayers ascend in vain;
No answer gives the stone:
The bloody sacrifice of goats
Can not for sin atone.

The pilgrim went and then returned
With weary feet and sore,
From sacred temple and from shrine
As sinful as of yore.

From heav'n the God of earth looked down
In pity and in love,
Because fair India's swarthy sons
Still sought their myths to prove;

Because the burden of their sins
Was heavy, pressing still;
Because they knew not his dear Son,
Whose love their hearts would fill.

The widow's sad and hopeless wail
Had reached his loving ear;
He knew the little child-wife's grief,
He saw her bitter tear.

He saw, he heard, he felt, and then
A voice was heard from heav'n;
It spoke to God's own children dear,
To them the call was giv'n:

"India's sons and daughters now
Are dying in sin's night;
Whom shall I send, oh, who will go,
To give them gospel light?

Heart-rending cries and saddest moans
Have reached my ears each day;
A sea of sorrow and of grief
My love would fain allay.

The Sun of righteousness must rise
With healing in his wings,
To heal sad India's broken hearts,
And heav'n's glad tidings bring."

The sons and daughters of the West
On whom the light had shone,
Sent back the answer in response,
"Father, thy will be done."

A few responded, "Here am I,"
And then with farewells said
To parents, brothers, sisters dear,
To the Far East they sped.

They told the tidings grand and good,
Of Jesus and his love;
They pointed out the way to peace,
The way to heav'n above.

At last the day began to dawn,
The darkness, too, to flee,
And India's sons and daughters join
In the glad jubilee.

With joy they sing the glad refrain
Of him who lives again,
Who saves and sets them wholly free
From pow'r of death and sin.

But thousands who have never heard
The story of God's Son
Are still in darkness and must be
To God by Christians won.

And some who first went forth for Christ
Have fallen for his sake;
Who now will say, "Lord, here am I;
A worker of me make"?

FREEDOM'S CALL.

Brothers, lift the standard!
'Tis freedom calls today.
A million souls in slavery
Would cast their chains away,
A million hands reach upward
From out the darkened night,
A million hearts are praying
For liberty and light.

The God of freedom hears them;
He calls you to his side
And bids you help the helpless,
For whom the Savior died;
He bids you wipe the tear-drops
From eyes that weep today,
And help the drink-bound captive
To freedom's holier way!

He bids you lift the fallen
From paths of sin and shame,
Then gives the high commission
In freedom's holy name:

Go, strengthen hearts that tremble,
Cheer spirits crushed and low,
Save ere the helpless perish
Beneath the cloud of woe!

Emancipation tarries,
And hearts are bound with pain;
Let not your footsteps linger,
Nor freedom call in vain!
Help some heart in its struggle,
Help some hand in the fight;
Go, guide some wand'ring footsteps
To paths of joy and light!

CRADLE SONG.

In a country far away
Toward the rising sun,
Many little boys and girls
Sleep when day is done.

CHORUS.

Sleep, baby, sleep
'Neath that eastern sky;
God, who loves the children all,
Watches where you lie.

Babies in that far-off land,
Like the ones we know,
Fall asleep while mother sings,
Rocking soft and slow.

But those mothers can not tell
To the children there

How Jesus loves the little ones
And keeps them in his care.

Jesus loves the children here
And the children there;
So the blessings we have had
We with them will share.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And, when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind.

MISSIONS AND MINDING.

I want to tell you something!
I heard my teacher say,
"I don't believe in missions.
I don't think I will pay
A single cent of money
To go so far away!"

I really think that's wicked,
Because—why, don't you know?
Our dear Lord told his people
Before he left them, "Go
And preach to ev'ry nation";
Our Lord himself said "Go!"

I wonder what my teacher
Would think if I should say,
"I don't believe in minding,"
And then I'd run away
And do whatever pleased me—
I wonder what she'd say?

"I don't believe in missions";
That's what some people say.
"I don't believe in minding,"
They mean, and turn away
From Jesus' last commandment
And grieve him ev'ry day.

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.

I looked o'er life's great harvest-field
And thought, "What can I do?"
The needs are great, the fields are white,
But laborers are few.

I can not be a Spurgeon or
A Whitefield, great and wise,
Who swayed the multitudes and wrote
Their names upon the skies.

If I could preach like sainted Paul
Or write up something new,

I'd only be too glad; but, oh,
  There's nothing I can do.

If I could start in life anew
  And have a higher aim,
I might accomplish more and reach
  Some pinnacle of fame.

Or, if my parents had been great
  Or ancestry been wise,
The blood that's in my veins might surge
  And waft me to the skies.

But time is short, my means are small,
  And talents very few;
So in despair I sit and say,
  "There's nothing I can do."

But, hark! I hear from out the gloom,
  "Whate'er is done by thee
To one of those, my little ones,
  Is done as unto me."

The little things shall be my work,
  His praise alone I'll view,
Nor will I ever sadly say,
  "There's nothing I can do."

THE CONTRAST IN KOREA.

DARKNESS.

To fear for life and know not why;
To bear abuse without reply;
To give not half but all the road;
To be the ox to bear the load;

To bow to wood and mound of sod;
To fill the earth with fiends of hell;
To search for years and find no God,
But filthy rags and clanging bell;

To be content with house of clay;
To wade in mire of obscene street;
Fit mate for beast with husk to eat;
All night in sin, in sin all day.

LIGHT.

There's a vision in the soul and the eye burns bright with a light;
There's a purpose in the step and might.
Jesus comes, gives inspiration,
Lifts the load, exalts the station;
Fills the soul with aspiration for the right.

Toil is pleasure when the Master shares the thorn-cruel goad of the load;
Life is lifted from the debt once owed.
Free from sin and superstition,
Souls are thrilled with heavenly vision:
Earth becomes through fond petition, Christ's abode.

A NICKEL TO THE LORD.

He sat with reverential head
And listened to the sermon strong;
He heard the Holy Scriptures read,
His voice joined in the closing song.
The service touched a tender chord—
He gave a nickel to the Lord.

The day before he dined in style;
He ate and drank the very best.
The bill he paid and gave a smile;
Life he enjoyed with hearty zest.
Cheapness he bitterly abhorred—
He gave a nickel to the Lord.

The Lord had given him the life
That he so thoroughly enjoyed,
Had led him far from toil and strife;
His hours with profit were employed.
And yet with all this great reward
He gave a nickel to the Lord.

THE SAME REWARD.

Does it seem your hands are fettered
And your place in life is small,
That among the world's great workers
You can never fill a call?

Just remember, little worker,
That, though small may be the place,
It is needful some one fill it
And the little duties face.

Though your brother's faithful labor
May more noticed be by some,
Little duties done with pleasure
Will be seen by that Great One.

The reward will not be greater
To the one who did his best,

Who at battle's front stood bravely,
Shrinking not when in the test,

Than to him whose work was hidden
But who labored just as true,
Being faithful for the Master
In the things he had to do.

LIGHTS IN THE DARKNESS.

The world was wrapped in darkness,
And all was black as night;
The hosts of sin had gathered,
Were marshaled for the fight.

The world had long been drifting
Upon the downward way;
The world had long resisted
The King of glorious day.

The world preferred the darkness,
Because their deeds were wrong;
The hearts of men were gloomy,
And on their lips no song.

They were in awful bondage,
And Satan reigned supreme;
That there could be deliv'rance
They did not even dream.

But one day in a manger
A little baby lay—
The infant child, Christ Jesus,
The King of glorious day.

The child grew up to manhood,
And he was filled with might,
Preached freedom to the captives,
And the blind were given sight.

What words of blessed comfort
Fell from those lips so pure!
His promises so precious
Were bright and grand and sure.

Oh, how his words did thrill them!
How stirring was his call!
Some followed in his footsteps,
Forsook the world and all.

They shone as lights in darkness,
They prayed and sang and preached;
And on that day long promised,
A multitude was reached.

The world is still in darkness,
The times are waxing late,
The devil still is raging—
He knows his awful fate.

Again the Savior's coming,
The time will soon be here;
Then Satan will be routed,
He quakes in dreadful fear.

Are *you* in light now living,
Or in the gloom and pall?
Have you the gospel armor?
Have you forsaken all?

How great the need of warriors
To watch and pray and fight!
Who'll raise the gospel standard
And contend with all their might?

The war will soon be ended,
You should no longer wait;
Put forth your utmost effort.
The Savior's at the gate.

LOANED UNTO THE LORD.

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth
For our simple, worldly pleasure
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but small.
It has perished with the using;
We have had it,—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again,
Though our avarice may blind us,
We have gathered quite in vain.
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in the other worlds expect it,
What we've hoarded we have lost!

But each merciful oblation,
Seed of pity wisely sown,
What we give in self-negation,
We may safely call our own;

For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in heaven
What is lent unto the Lord.

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.

Oh, listen to the pleading
From far-off darkened lands;
How can ye tarry longer
With idle, folded hands?

The Master looks with anguish
Upon his wasting grain;
Oh, haste to do his bidding,
Nor longer give him pain.

The wage of earnest toilers
Will surely be repaid
When at his pierced feet
The precious sheaf is laid.

The sweetest words, "My child, well done,"
Will all the toil repay
When with our blessed Savior
We enter endless day.

GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.

SCENE I.

'Tis eventide: the shadows, slowly length'ning,
Upon Judea's hillsides softly dwell;
The waves of Galilee now rise and fall,
In murmurs soft their Maker's love they tell.

The ships are firmly anchored near the shore-line,
For Jesus thinks a while to steal away
From all the busy throng, with his disciples
To be alone with God to rest and pray.

But, lo, what means this host that fills the mountain?
This multitude with eager, watchful air?
What seek they in this wilderness so lonely?
What search they for upon this desert bare?

Both far and wide has spread the fame of Jesus,
They've heard of all his wonder-working power;
So here has come this host from out the city,
To seek his blessing at the evening hour.

When Jesus sees the wearied host, and fainting,
His heart is touched with great compassion deep;
He loves them as but could a loving Shepherd,
These shepherdless and lonely wand'ring sheep.

How tenderly he looks upon the suff'ring!
The faintest cry by him is quickly heard;
He teaches of his Father's heavenly kingdom,
He heals all their diseases with his word.

"What shall we do?" his wondering disciples,
And anxious, question: "for the scant supply
Of food we've carried here is insufficient
That all may share a part, nor more is nigh.

Let's send them now away into the city
That they themselves may go and purchase meat;
Lest they should perish here." Now says the Master,
"Ye need not send them; give *ye* them to eat.

How many loaves have ye?" They make him answer,
"But five and two small fishes. What are they
For all this host?" "Go seat them," he now commands;
"We'll feed them in the wilderness today."

The scene is changed: this surging human ocean
Is hushed to silence—all is calm and still;
They're seated now by fifties in a company—
Five thousand wondering men upon the hill.

Now Jesus takes the loaves, and, looking upward,
Gives thanks to God for noticing their need;
And likewise with the fish. To his disciples
He gives them both the multitude to feed.

O wondrous sight! The thousands in the mountain
Partake in plenty of this simple fare;
They eat till all have satisfied their hunger,
Of fragments gather then twelve baskets there.

Rejoicing, they return into the city,
Not weary, hungry, fainting as before,
But blest with food and with his words so gracious;
The bread of life is theirs—what need they more?

SCENE II.

'Tis eventide: the shadows slowly lengthen;
The low'ring sun sends forth a parting ray;
A somber glow o'ercasts the glowing heavens;
We near the closing of the gospel day.

What sound is this which mounts the ev'ning zephyrs,
And's wafted on their pinions soft to me?

A plaintive cry, both fraught with pain and hunger,
From multitudes at home and o'er the sea—

A cry of deep distress and Christless anguish;
They languish, starve, and die for living bread.
Our Lord beholds their plight with pitying glances,
Who in the wilderness the thousands fed.

"Let's send them now away," some one is saying,
While still their wails of hunger they repeat;
"Our store is far too small for all these millions."
But saith the Master, "Give ye them to eat."

How many loaves have ye? Go count them over,
Ye who are blest with heaven's bounteous fare;
Go tell the dying millions o'er the ocean
There's bread at Father's table and to spare.

Five loaves are quite enough; O soul, go break them!
Thy Father's hand will add abundant more:
They'll make a plenteous meal, and when 'tis ended,
Of fragments reap a full twelve-basket store.

Go ye to all the world and preach the gospel,
Ye unto whom the bread of life is giv'n;
Go cast it on the waters; cast it freely,
Perchance some band of hunger may be riv'n.

There riseth from the long-benighted Orient
A cry for help. In fair yet dark Japan
A million souls lend volume to the echo,
"Come over now and help us, ye who can."

Forth from the throbbing heart of heathen China,
Her teeming millions send a wail of woe;

Their yellow faces, gazing to the westward,
Await the evening message. Who will go?

Then crossing o'er the Himalayan snow-crests
Where India's dark-hued sons in blindness dwell,
Dread famine reigns, and grossest superstition;
Her myriad hosts the plea for mercy swell.

And Persia's shores scarce touched by ships of Zion;
Her skies befogged, scarce tinged with gospel light.
Go forth, ye true disciples of the Master!
Speed on like swiftest horsemen in their flight.

Shall Ethiopia's darkness last forever?
Nor shall it know the blessed gospel plan?
Go spread the light from Egypt's golden borders
Unto the densest shadows of Soudan.

And shall our sister continent be forgotten—
She who unto our doorway lies so near?
Her people, too, are perishing with hunger.
Who'll freely go with loaves and fishes there?

Still here and there the islands of the ocean,
Like tiny specks upon its surface spread—
They send a plaintive message o'er its waters,
They languish, too, and cry for living bread.

From east, from west, from north, from south, it cometh,
From far and near o'er this majestic ball,
A universal wail of woe and hunger.
Go tell the world there's bread enough for all.

"How many loaves have ye?" again he asketh.
They'll mold if left to stand upon thy shelf;

Go share them with the hungry o'er the ocean;
He'll multiply the fragments for thyself.

Go ye to all the world with loaves and fishes
Until the monster Hunger shall retreat;
The multitudes *still* famish in the desert,
Still saith the Master, "Give ye them to eat."

THE BEST USE OF A PENNY.

Would you like to be told the best use of a penny?
I will tell you a way that is better than any—
Not in apples, or toys, or sweetmeats, to spend it,
But over the sea to the heathen to send it.
Now listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
Of some poor little children far over the seas.

Their skins are quite black, for our God made them thus,
But he made them with bodies and feelings like us.
A soul, too, that never will die has been given,
And there's room for black children with Jesus in heaven;
But few there are to tell of such good things as these,
To the poor little heathen far over the seas.

Oh! think then of this when a penny is given:
"I can help a poor black on his way home to heaven";
Then give it to Jesus, and he will approve
Nor scorn e'en a mite if offered in love.
And, oh! when in prayer you to him bend your knees,
Remember the heathen far over the seas.

THOSE MILLIONS JUST OVER THE SEA.

Those millions just over the sea, my friend,
For ages have wandered in night,
Still worshiping heathenish, man-made gods,
Held captive in sin's awful night.
To idols of metal, of wood, and of stone,
They daily are bowing the knee;
For that is the way they've been taught, you know—
Those millions just over the sea.

Those millions just over the sea, my friend,
Are hearing a word now and then
Of him who is known as a loving God,
And Jesus the Savior of men.
For more of the gospel they plead and wait,
To hear the sweet story of old;
To hear of a God who will answer prayer—
To them it has never been told.

Those millions just over the sea, my friend,
Have souls just as precious as thine,
And they are entitled as much as we
To share in a love that's divine.
Oh, hasten now quickly to tell the news,
Salvation can make them all free;
For Jesus has died on the cross to save
Those millions just over the sea.

Those millions just over the sea, my friend,
Are calling from many a shore:
We hear them from Europe and Egypt's climes,
Australia and India's door;
Japan and dark China repeat the call,
The islands reecho the plea.

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O brother and sister, make haste to save
Those millions just over the sea.

Those millions just over the sea, my friend,
"Come over and help us," they say;
Then rush to the rescue, lest heathen blood
Thy garments shall mar in that day
When Jesus shall summon those nations up
To judgment with you and with me,
To give an account of the love we showed
Those millions just over the sea.

THE MULTITUDE'S NEED.

Souls in heathen darkness lying
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom his soul in travail knew.
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

Christians, harken; none has taught them
Of his love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear.
Ye who know him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, oh, haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

REFLECTIONS FROM A MISSIONARY.

I'm just a little homesick,
For this is Christmas day.
And I'm alone and far from home,
Where the brown folks stay.
I've had nine days of fever,
With native food to eat;
This makes me think of what they have
At home when friends all meet.

Ground roots I had for breakfast,
With gravy made from nuts,
But this gets old when one is ill
And sleeping in dark huts.
I'll watch this heathen roast his snake;
He's the head of the kraal.
I'd say, his mouth is watering now;
He'll eat that skin and all.

At home they'll soon begin to carve;
The merry go-round begins—
Turkey, dressing, pudding, cake,
Nice cuts from roasted hens.
Around, around these dishes pass;
"Now do make out," they'll say,
"This meal is surely a disgrace
To have on Christmas day."

Pumpkin pies, custard pies—
My thoughts won't be controlled;
See that sauce-dish white with cream—
Again my thoughts have strolled.
Their scraps would do me nicely here,
And I'd not mince about,

For I am faint and hungry,
While they complain of gout.

A crumb pinched off from something
And sent to this dark field:
More happy would the giver be
In knowing he could wield
His will, his means for Jesus,
To help to crush the wrong
Which reigns in this dark heathen land,
Where light they've needed long.

FORTY CENTS A YEAR.

Instead of what the martyrs bore through many a conflict drear;
Instead of bitter fighting, homeless wanderings, cruel fear,
Ah! the shame, we modern Christians give just forty cents a year!

Forty cents a year to open all the eyes of all the blind;
Forty cents a year to gather all the lost whom Christ could find;
Forty cents a year to carry hope and joy to all mankind.

Worthy followers of the prophets!—we who hold our gold so dear;
True descendants of the martyrs!—with Christ held far and coin held near;
Bold coworkers with the Savior!—with our forty cents a year.

Mighty is the host infernal, richly stored its ranging tents,
Strong its age-encrested armor, and its fortresses immense,
And to meet that regnant evil we are sending forty cents.

Christians, have ye heard the story how the basest man of men
Flung his foul, accursed silver in abhorrence back again?
Thirty pieces was the purchase of the world's Redeemer then.

Now, it's forty cents in copper—for the Savior has grown cheap;
Now, to sell our Lord and Master, we need only stay asleep;
Now, the accursed Judas money is the money that we keep.

OH, HEAR!

Shall we withhold from a full supply?
Shall we not heed that others die?
Shall we not give of means and mind
The hungry to feed, the lost to find?
A call is now sounding for you and for me,
Not only from nations far over the sea,
But it comes from the lands that lie at our feet;
It comes from the sinful we pass on the street;
It comes from the homes of want and of woe;
It comes to our ears wherever we go.
Oh, hear! the Master is calling.

BE STRONG.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
  Carry truth's unsallied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
  There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
  Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
  Speak of mercy and of peace.

Be the banner still unfurled,
  Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of this world
  Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

SEED-SOWING.

Broadcast thy seed!
Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
It's coming into light of day;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop and wither there—
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew and ripening shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed!

AWAKE!

Hide not the light of these last days
That God hath caused to shine on thee.
Millions are groping for its rays;
Canst thou not help one eye to see,
And thereby gain a dazzling gem
To sparkle in thy diadem?

"By precept and by example shine
A light upon life's darkened road;
Some one may heed the truth divine
And join thee in the blest abode.
Arouse! and zealous vigils keep;
In time's last hour how canst thou sleep?

INTO ALL THE WORLD.

"Into all the world—" wherever,
Spent with doubt, the spirit lies,
Beating fettered pinions earthward
That should mount rejoicing skies;
Where the heart with fevered craving
Faints, the falling stream beside,
Waiting till from founts supernal
Flows an ever-living tide.

"Into all the world—" no limit
Bars its highway o'er the earth;
Broad as charity, unmeasured,
Holding nations in its girth;
Compassing all souls in darkness,
Wrestling with life's bitter stress;
Where are feet that slip and waver
In the toilsome wilderness.

With a weight of seven-fold meaning
Fall the words from lips divine,
Knocking with a loud appealing
At your portal and at mine.
Oh, let not the noisy present,
Clamorous with its trifling plea,
Drown this solemn, parting message,
"Into all the world, go ye."

THE COMMAND—THE PROMISE.

Aforetime when there was no eye to pity,
And when there was no arm to save,
One came to earth, filled with divinest pity,
And found for us in earth his grave.
And when, death's awful power forever broken,
He rose to his eternal throne,

One great command he left—that those who love him
Should teach his name in every zone.
But ever with command he links his promise,
He will not leave his loved alone;
And when he holds the heavy cross before them,
Above it ever shines a crown.

BEHOLD MY SHEAVES.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves—
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

FLING OUT THE BANNER.

Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Savior died.

Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

Fling out the banner, wide and high,
Skyward and seaward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours—
We conquer only in that sign.

LIGHT FOR AFRICA.

Once Africa sat in darkness,
Too blind to unfasten her doors;
Not knowing the strength that was in her,
Not knowing the wealth of her stores.

In lands where the Master was honored
A tender compassion was stirred,
And many the lives that were given
To open those doors to the Word.

Today there is entrance; wide open
The doors now invitingly stand,
And science and commerce are bearing
Their torches across the dark land.

And Christ, the Redeemer of nations,
Is bidding us rise in his might,
And carry to Africa's children
The gospel of blessing and light.

A CRY FROM AFRICA.

"The gospel in the regions beyond you." 2 Cor. 10:16.

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?"
The words came sad and low;
"O ye who knew the gospel truths,
Why didn't you let us know?

The Savior died for all the world,
He died to save from woe,
But we never heard the story;
Why didn't you let us know?

You have had the gospel message,
You have known a Savior's love;
Your dear ones passed from Christian homes
To the blessed land above.
Why did you let our fathers die
And into silence go
With no thought of Christ to comfort?
Why didn't you let us know?

We appeal to you, O Christians,
In lands beyond the sea!
Why didn't you tell us sooner,
Christ died for you and me.
Nineteen hundred years have passed
Since disciples were told to go
To the farthest parts of earth and teach;
Why didn't you let us know?

You say you are Christ's disciples,
That you try his work to do;
And yet his very last command
Is disobeyed by you.
'Tis, indeed, a wonderful story!
He loved the whole world so
That he came and died to save us,
But you didn't let us know!

O souls redeemed by Jesus,
Think what your Lord hath done!
He came to earth and suffered,
And died for every one.

He expected you to tell it
As on your way you go;
But you kept the message from us!
Why didn't you let us know?

Hear this pathetic cry of ours,
O dwellers in Christian lands!
For Africa stands before you,
With pleading, outstretched hands.
You may not be able to come yourself,
But some in your stead can go.
Will you not send us teachers?
Will you not let us know?"

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

I could not do the work the reapers did
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell,
But I could follow by the Master's side
Watching the marred face I loved so well.
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear,
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully;
I did not know the Master placed them there—
"Handfuls of purpose" that he left for me.

I could not cast the heavy fishers' net,
I had not strength nor wisdom for the task;
So on the sunlit sands with spray drops wet,
I sat, while earnest tears fell thick and fast.
I pleaded for the Master's blessing where
My brethren toiled upon the world's wide sea;
Or ever that I knew his smile so fair,
Shone, beaming sweet encouragement on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band,
I never heard their thrilling battle-cry;
The work allotted by the Master's hand
Kept me at home, while others went to die,
And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
And spoils were homeward brought, both rich and rare,
He let me help to chant the triumph song
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

TO OUTGOING MISSIONARIES.

As one who watches from the land
The lifeboat go to seek and save
And, all too weak to lend a hand,
Sends his faint cheer across the wave;

So, powerless at my hearth today,
Unmeet your holy work to share,
I can but speed you on your way,
Dear friends, with my unworthy pray'r.

Go, angel-guided, duty-sent;
Our thoughts go with you o'er the foam;
Where'er you pitch your pilgrim tent,
Our hearts shall be and make it home.

MISSIONARY MARTYRS.

They have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are past and gone with perished age,
They died and "made no sign."

But works that shall find their wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These are their mourners, and these shall be
The crown of their immortality.

Oh, seek them not where sleep the dead,
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face,
But sad and unseen in their silent grave;
It may be the sand or deep sea wave
Or lonely desert place;
For they need no prayers and no mourning bell;
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;
We shall know at last by a certain token,
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—
Angels shall count them, and the earth shall sigh,
That she left her best children to battle and die.

DISGUISED.

I met him today in the wint'ry street,
The Christ on the cross who died,
All hungry and cold in the wind and sleet,
With bleeding forehead, and hands and feet,
And I blindly thrust him aside.

Had he only come with the crown of thorn,
Or the hand-print's ruby-red—
Had the palms that pleaded for alms but worn
Their wounds, I had not put by in scorn
His piteous plea for bread.

But idly now and all in vain
I grieve for the grace gone by,
And muse, might he only come again
I'd pity his plea and ease his pain,
And harken unto his cry.

Nay, nay, for the blind distinguisheth
The king with his robe and crown;
But only the humble eye of faith
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth
In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw him not in the mendicant,
And I heeded not his cry;
Now Christ in his infinite mercy grant
That the pray'r I say in my day of want
Be not in scorn put by.

WHAT CAN I SPARE?

"What can I spare?" we say.
"Ah, this and this,
From mine array
I am not like to miss;
And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one;
They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf"—
And yet one reads, Our Father gave his Son,
Our Master gave himself.

"COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA, AND HELP US."

(Acts 16: 9.)

Through midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer;
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
"Oh, ye that live, behold we die!"

By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And can not list the alien cry,
"Oh, hear and help us, ere we die!"

Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come; who would abide my day
In yonder wilds prepare my way;
My voice is crying in their cry:
'Help ye the dying, lest ye die.' "

Jesus, for men of man the Son,
Yea, thine the cry from Macedon;
Oh, by the kingdom and the power

And glory of thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry:
Help us to help them, lest we die!

LITTLE THINGS.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire;
A little thing, but her mother smiled
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned,
To groom the horse, to milk the cow
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The work was all well done.
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be
For the gift of such a son."

Only little things, but they brighten the life
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, but they mold a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

THE SINGLE HEAD OF WHEAT.

All my daily tasks were ended,
And the hush of night had come,
Bringing rest to weary spirits,
Calling many wand'rers home.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth,
Bearing golden sheaves of wheat,
Shall return again rejoicing,
Laden with the harvest sweet."

This I read and deeply pondered,
What of seed my hand had sown,
What of harvest I was reaping
To be laid before the throne.

While my thoughts were swiftly glancing
O'er the path my feet had trod,
Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids
And a vision came from God.

In the world's great field of labor
All the reapers' tasks were done;
Each one hastened to the Master
With the sheaves that he had won.

Some with sheaves so poor and scanty,
Sadly told the number o'er;
Others staggered 'neath the burden
Of the golden grain they bore.

Gladly there the pearly gateways
Opened that they enter all;
And they sought the Master's presence,
With their burdens great or small.

Sadly, sadly, with the reapers,
Who had labored long and late,
Came I, at the Master's bidding,
And was latest at the gate.

There apart from all the others,
Weeping bitterly, I stood:
I had toiled from early morning,
Working for the others' good.

Where one friend had fallen fainting,
By his piles of golden grain,
With a glass of cooling water
I revived his strength again.

And another, worn and weary,
I had held and cheered a while,
Till, her failing strength returning,
She went forward with a smile.

And the others I had aided
While the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent and evening
On the earth her tear-drops shed.

And I to the Master's presence
Came with weary, toil-worn feet,
Bearing, as my gathered harvest,
But a single head of wheat.

So, with tearful eyes, I watched them
As, with faces glad and bright,
One by one they laid their burdens
Down before the throne of light.

Ah! how sweetly, then, the blessing
Sounded to my list'ning ear:
"Nobly done, my faithful servants!
Rest now in your mansions here."

Then I thought with keenest sorrow:
"Words like these are not for me;
Only those with heavy burdens
Heavenly rest and blessing see.

Yet I love the Master truly,
And I've labored hard since dawn,
But I have no heavy burden;
Will he bid me to be gone?"

While I questioned thus in sadness,
Christ, the Master, called for me,
And I knelt before him saying,
"I have only this for thee.

I have labored hard, O Master,
I have toiled from morn till night,
But I sought to aid my neighbors
And to make their labors light;

So the day has passed unnoticed,
And tonight with shame I come,
Bringing as my gathered harvest
But a single wheat-head home."

Thus I knelt there sadly weeping
At his blessed, pierced feet,
And he smiled upon my trembling—
Ah! his smile was passing sweet.

"Child, it is enough," he answered,
"All I asked for thou hast brought,
And among the band of reapers,
Truly, bravely hast thou wrought.

This was thy appointed mission,
Well hast thou performed thy task;
Have no fear that I will chide thee,
This is all that I would ask."

Then I woke; but long the vision
In my heart I pondered o'er,
While I tried to see what meaning
Hidden in its depth it bore.

And at length its lesson slowly
Dawned upon my wond'ring mind—
Never mind what others gather,
Do whate'er thy hands can find.

If it be thy 'lotted mission
Thus to serve the reaper-band,
And the evening find thee weary
With an empty, sheafless hand,

Let thy heart be never troubled,
Faithfully fulfil thy task;
Have no fears that he will chide thee,
Heavy sheaves he will not ask.

"GO YE."

"Go ye" was the last command
The disciples heard
As their Christ, the risen Lord,
Spoke his final word.

Just before he left for heaven
In that chariot fair,
He expressed his last desire,
"Go ye ev'rywhere."

Let the gospel sound be known
Throughout all the world,
Let the truth with mighty force
Have her folds unfurled.
For my pow'r will elevate
Man, though low and vain,
To the heights of holiness,
Cleansed from ev'ry stain."

So the tidings come to us,—
"Let the heathen know
Of the conquering pow'r of God
Sin to overthrow."
"Go ye unto all the tribes,
Into ev'ry sphere";
He expressed his last desire—
"Go ye ev'rywhere."

VANGUARD OF GOD.

See the glorious morning sunlight
Flash o'er fields begemmed with dew;
Where the harvest standeth waiting,
For the laborers are few.
Christian! doth the Master bid thee
Leave thy friends and leave thy home?
Shrink thou not; he'll only send thee
"Whither he himself would come."

Lo, the nations sit in darkness,
Where no gospel light is shed,
Thirsting for the living water,
Dying for the living bread.
Are there tender ties that bind thee?
Dost thou love thy land and home?
Yet stay not; the Master sends thee
"Whither he himself would come."

Dost thou fear, thine heart within thee
Trembling, faint, and sore dismayed?
Bend thine ear; the Master cometh:
"It is I; be not afraid."
Go thou forth in faith triumphant,
Ev'rywhere 'neath heav'n's high dome
Waits the work; the Master sends thee
"Whither he himself would come."

Rend the veil of midnight darkness,
Lift the crimsoned cross on high,
Herald forth the glorious tidings
Of a Christ who came to die;
While for Jesus thou art working,
He prepares for thee a home,
Endless rest and joy eternal,
"Whither he himself would come."

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

Trudging along the slippery street,
Two childish figures, with aching feet
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed nor seemed to care
For the little ragged, shivering pair;
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas jet
Which flung abroad its yellow light
From gay shop windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff and cold,
" 'Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small, tattered, and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys
In homes overflowing with comforts and joys;
See how far you can make them reach.
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold,
Let them stretch to households manifold.

WE CAN NOT FIND THE DOOR.

Oh, do not go away!
Tell us yet once again
Of Him who sends the rain
And gives the sun's warm ray;
We can not find the door!

Oft is our worship vain;
To ev'ry god in turn
We humbly incense burn,
Yet never answer gain;
We can not find the door!

Oh, is there such a door?
And have you entered in?
What is't you say of sin
And life forevermore?
We can not find the door!

Our days are full of fears;
Toil, sorrow, care, and pain
Come o'er and o'er again,
Filling our eyes with tears;
We can not find the door!

Which is the heavenly way?
You speak as if you knew;
We should like to know it too.
Oh, with us longer stay!
We can not find the door!

DO SOMETHING.

Honest work brings health and joy,
But idleness is sin;
For ev'ry hour find some employ,
From time some blessing win.

The thorns from some one's path remove;
Make some one's sky more clear;
Let some one feel the joy of love,
The blessing of good cheer.

The time of labor soon is o'er,
The sun sinks in the west;
The cotter seeks his open door,
His toil has earned him rest.

So at the close of ev'ry day
May you look back and find
The duties in your path that lay
Performed with willing mind.

THE OTHERS DO NOT KNOW.

My soul is filled with heav'nly peace and love
Since Jesus' blood doth for my sins atone
And God's sweet Spirit, like a tender dove,
Has come to make my heart his royal throne;
But oft my spirit sighs with grief and care,
And tears unbidden suddenly will flow,
For souls around me lie in sin's dark night
And perish there because they do not know.

Our souls are lighted by the lamp of truth;
With eye of faith we see beyond the gloom;
Earth's sinful snare for us has lost its pow'r,
And by God's grace we'll triumph o'er the tomb.
But as we glory in his ways divine,
Do we enough the love of Jesus show?
Do we improve the fleeting hours of time,
Remembering that others do not know?

Oh! do we use each chance to prove our love
To God and those we meet each passing hour?
And do we pray enough the prayer of faith
To help our brothers foil the tempter's power?

Oh! let us hold our lighted lamps on high,
And boldly tell wherever we may go
Of Calv'ry's fountain opened wide for all
And of God's love—the others do not know.

Vast regions o'er the rolling ocean wave
In death's dark, crushing shadow hopeless lie;
There of God's love men never have been told,
And in their sins each hour poor souls must die.
The millions still rush onward to their doom;
The world is shrouded deep in pain and woe;
They have not heard the story of his love
Who died to save all men—they do not know.

SO MUCH TO DO AT HOME.

In the burning heat of an African sun,
One sultry summer day,
I wearily walked at the hour of noon,
Wishing my work upon earth were done,
Till I thought of the love of God's own Son
When he left his heavenly home.

The sun was hot, but what mattered that?
There was work which must be done:
There were dying men to be visited,
And those who are mourning their buried dead;
Others whose hearts I could make glad
If I told of a heavenly home.

On that day from a region wild and lone
An African chief had come;
There the Word of life had never gone,
And he prayed that we would send him one

To tell him of Christ; but there was none
To go to that heathen home.

My frame was weary, and deep my sleep
When the hour of rest came on;
I slept, but I only slept to weep—
To suffer anguish great and deep,
Like those who watch with their dying keep;
And, sleeping, I dreamed of home.

I dreamed that I stood on a distant hill,
And hundreds were thronging round
Calling for teachers—calling until
They besought with tears, and urging still,
Both chiefs and people. They said, "You will
Go for us to your distant home."

"In your happy land both joy and light
To all the people come;
They know no darkness of heathen night;
Many might come to bring us light,
Many to teach us of good and right";
And, dreaming, I hastened home.

The pain and weariness passed away
When I reached a Christian land;
I could not rest, I could not stay;
I cared not how far my journey lay;
I must find help, and without delay
Go back to my African home.

I stood in a temple large and wide,
Filled with the wise and good;
I told of our country beyond the tide,
Told of the heathen on ev'ry side,

How they gathered to us from far and wide—
I told of this at home.

In that Christian land, and to Christian men
Who professed to love the Lord
Who died for them, even God's dearest Son:
Their answer was, "It is true, but then
There's enough to do at home."

Oh, say, can you wonder in that far land
At the words of those heathen men,
With which my heart is ever pained,
At the stigma with which our names are stained?
They say, "You are selfish," and can they be blamed,
Though "there's enough to do at home"?

Next I stood where assembled only were
God's ministers great and wise;
I told of those voices that called from afar,
Of our strength worn out in our daily care,
And entreated, "Oh come to our help—come there!"
But they answered calmly, without a tear,
"There's enough to do at home."

Deep agony then convulsed my frame
As I thought of going alone
To tell the heathen, for whom I came,
They must die not knowing of Jesus' name,
For Christians could not see their claim
With "so much to do at home."

Then I passed through that country near and far,
Through cities and villages green;
I appealed to strong men, to maidens fair;
To the young, to the old with whitened hair:

"Oh, send! oh, come!" But all said, "Not there;
There's enough to do at home.

We give our money, and some there are
Who, perchance, might go away;
But what are you doing? How came you here?
There is work in our land both far and near;
'Tis not that we care not, not that we fear,
But there's so much to do at home."

They say, "In the home beyond the sea
The hearts must be hard and cold;
For they give us no light; how else can it be?
They enter heaven; but, oh! not we
Who are here. We never the land shall see;
Only they have a heavenly home."

Thus they long for truth and beg for light
In that heathen land who roam;
They hear, mayhap, of a heaven bright,
But say you have closed its doors so tight
You have doomed them to darkness and endless night
Because of the work at home.

And, oh, when they in God's presence stand,
With you, in that great day;
When ev'ry nation of ev'ry land
To judgment is called away;
Say, say can you stand in God's presence then,
And remember that cry: "Oh, come!
We are dying; we know no Savior's name"?
Can you plead the excuse? Will it not be in vain?
Will it weigh with God, though it did with man?
"There's enough to do at home."

THE STARLESS CROWN.

Weary and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose;
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me," and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;
I wondered when the end would be, what next would meet my eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light—
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white!

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glist'ning pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light!

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns from ev'ry clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang; "the glory his alone."

But fairer than all else besides, I saw my Savior's face,
And as he gazed, he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length was past.

And when in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?

Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on ev'ry brow;
For ev'ry soul they led to me, they wear a jewel now,
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed;
If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in paths of peace to lead.

Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way
of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light that round thy
footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home
of rest;
And thus in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself
been blest."

The vision faded from my sight; the voice no longer
spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I
feared to break;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmer-
ing light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful
might.

I rose, and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt
below;
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works
to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this
shall be,
"To live no longer for myself, but him who died for
me."
And graven on my inmost soul, I'll wear this truth
divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars
shall shine!"

THE PATRIARCH'S PROTEST.

(Job 31: 17.)

"If I have eaten my morsel alone,"
The patriarch spoke in scorn.
What would he think of the church were he shown
Heathendom, huge, forlorn,
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,
While the church's ailment is fulness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone?

"I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,"
The mighty apostle cried,
Traversing continents, souls to seek,
For the love of the Crucified.
Centuries, centuries since have sped;
Millions are perishing; we have bread;
But we eat our morsel alone.

Ever, of them who have largest dower
Shall heaven require the more;
Ours is affluence, knowledge, power,
Ocean from shore to shore;
And East and West in our ears have said,
"Give us, give us, your living bread";
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"Freely as ye have received, so give,"
He bade, who hath given us all;
How shall the soul in us longer live,
Deaf to their starving call,
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed
And his body broken to give them bread—
If we eat our morsel alone?

ALL HAIL THE POWER.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song
And crown him Lord of all.

GOD OF ALL NATIONS.

Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine,
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temple of thy praise.

ONLY A LITTLE BABY GIRL.

Only a little baby girl
Dead by the riverside,
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the flowing tide.
Over the boat too far she leaned,
Watching the dancing wave;
Over the brink she fell and sank,
But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy,
They would have heard her cry;
But she was just a baby girl,
And she was left to die.
It was her fate, perhaps, they said,
Why should they interfere?
Had she not always been a curse?
Why should they keep her here?

So they have left her little form,
Floating upon the wave;
She was too young to have a soul,
Why should she have a grave?
Yes, and there's many another lamb
Perishing ev'ry day,
Thrown by the road or riverside,
Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart tonight,
Clasping her darling child,
Willing to leave these helpless lambs
Out on the desert wild?
Is there a little Christian girl,
Happy in love and home,
Living in selfish ease, while they
Out on the mountains roam?

Think as you lie on your little cot,
Smoothed by a mother's hand,
Think of the little baby girls
Over in China's land.
Ask if there is not something more
Even a child can do,
And if perhaps in China's land
Jesus has need of you.

ALL NATIONS.

Father of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfilled
The promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate sealed.

A few from ev'ry land
At first to 'Salem came
And saw the wonders of thy hand
And saw the tongues of flame.

Yet still we wait the end—
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace;
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Savior's praise.

Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in and make
One undivided fold;
While gathered in by thee
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thy co-equal Son.

LAUNCH OUT.

Launch out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on his bosom away—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.

But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught for me";
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is his command.
His pleading call
Is teach—TO ALL;

And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal world.
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will;
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a king is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught for me."

YOUR MISSION.

If you can not on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
As the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along:
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you can not in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you can not toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you can not in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent.
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do.
Fortune is a lazy goddess;
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

YOU HAVE NEVER STOOD IN THE DARKNESS.

Words used by a red Indian chief as he pleaded that to him and his people might be sent the white man's Book of Heaven.

You have never stood in the darkness
And reached out a trembling hand,
If haply some one might find it,
In the awe of a lonely land,
Where the shadows shift so strangely,
And the quick heart-beat is stirred,
If only a leaf be rustled
By the wing of a passing bird.

You have never stood in the darkness
And said good-by to the wife,
The little child or the mother,
Who have sat in your house of life,
And knew not where they were going,
As the birds who cross our sight,
Flitting within from the darkness,
Flitting without to the night.

You have never stood in the darkness
When soul after soul went by
In the mighty rush of battle,
Where kinsman and comrade die,
And something says they are living,
Although we hold them prone
With eyes that stare out blindly,
As yet shall do our own.

You have never stood in the darkness;
You do not know its awe;
On your land a great light shineth,
Which long ago you saw.

For the light of the world we ask you;
We plead for the Book which shows
The way to win to His footstool,
Which only the white man knows.

O voice from out of the darkness!
O cry of a soul in pain!
May it ring as the blast of clarion,
Nor call God's host in vain!
By the pierced hand which saved us,
Let *ours* do their work today,
Till from those who tremble in darkness
The shadows are swept away.

JESUS SHALL REIGN.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head.
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice;

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessing on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,

The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

DARKEST CHINA.

Blood-bought souls in darkest China,
On the far-off shores away;
With their outstretched hands they beckon,
Pleading, call, for me today.

Blood-bought souls in darkest China,
Under sin's oppressive reign,
Plead for help; shall we still leave them
Bound with Satan's galling chain?

Blood-bought souls in darkest China,
Born to poverty and shame,
Wait to hear the glorious freedom
We have found in Jesus' name.

Blood-bought souls in darkest China,
Bowed beneath the tyrant's rod,
Long have waited for the freedom
Of the blessed church of God.

Blood-bought souls in darkest China
Bid me hasten there today;
Longer here I can not tarry,
I must to that shore away.

Now they famish, starve and die;
To their rescue let me fly.
Jesus calls, I must obey,
To dark China now away.

THE PIECE OF IDLE GOLD.

It is only a little piece of gold;
Dost thou care, dear Lord, if I withhold?
It is naught to thee; it is much to me,
For there gather round it memories sweet
Of one whom my heart is longing to greet
In the morning-land with thee.

O little coin, more precious tonight
Than the Kohinoor, the "Mountain of Light,"
That gleams in the Queen of England's crown;
The gift of love, baptized with tears,
Made holy by joy, companion of years—
Can I on God's altar lay this down?

"Thy brethren perish for want of bread"
(I heard these words that the Master said);
"Give ye them to eat"—and he looked on me.
And have I not given a portion fair?
As much, O Lord, as my store can spare?
What more can I do for thee?

He smiled, and then I heard him say,
"Hast thou not a treasure hidden away?"
My keepsake coin! It is only a mite;
What could it do for the throng so vast
If into the treasury it were cast?
'Twere little, Lord, in thy sight.

"Forgettest thou, daughter, the fishes and bread
With which the multitudes once I fed,
Or the widow's mite with its thousandfold?
My love gave life itself for thee;
Is thy lone gift then too precious for me,
To speak love, through idle gold?

Thinkest thou, daughter, that he who doth stand
To praise and to serve me at my right hand.
Would bid thee—go hide, or go use his gift?
Is there any bank like the bank of heaven?
Is there any wisdom like that of leaven
Which into the meal you sift?"

O Master, forgive me! Accept and keep:
My bit of gold shall no longer sleep,
No longer be kept selfish love to feed.
Love's gift on the errand of love go forth
Where the Master bids thee—east, west, south, or north,
And thus break the bread of need.

So again a widow to the Master gave;
'Twas but a mite, but mighty to save,
For the Savior blest it again as of old.
He gave it a voice its story to tell,
And it drew from its hiding in many a cell,
The piece of idle gold.

JESUS REIGNS.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations: "Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne."

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array
And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold, he comes—he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

LINGER NOT.

The time is short!
If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!
Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;
Set out with girded loins upon the way;
Up! Linger not!

Fold not thine hands!
What has the pilgrim of the cross and crown

To do with luxury or couch of down?
On, pilgrim, on!

With his reward
He comes; he tarries not; his day is near.
When men least look for him, he will be here;
Prepare for him!

Let not the flood
Sweep thy firm feet from the eternal rock;
Face calmly, solemnly the billow's shock;
Fear not the storm.

Withstand the foe;
Die daily, that forever thou mayest live;
Be faithful unto death; the Lord will give
The crown of life.

WIDE IS THE GLORIOUS FIELD.

(Matt. 28: 19.)

Go to the lands afar
Where the changeless winter reigns;
Night hath her empire there,
The night of deep despair:
Go bid the morning star
Rise o'er those snowy plains.

Go, love's soft dew to shower
On the far-off southern isles;
Though darkness hath her hour,
Truth is a mightier power:
Go, bid the lily flower
And the rose of Sharon smile.

Go where its glittering wave
The spreading Ganges pours:
No hidden power to save
Those earth-born waters have;
Oh, purer streamlets lave
Zion's thrice-hallowed shores!

Go where o'er golden sands
Lost Afric's streamlets glide;
Bear to those distant lands
The Savior's sweet commands.
Firm, firm his purpose stands—
"Lo! I am by thy side!"

Wide is the glorious field;
Throughout the world go forth,
The Spirit's sword to wield,
To bear the Spirit's shield,
Till every nation yield,
And blessings crown the earth.

Oh! speed the rising rays
Of the Sun of Righteousness;
So shall the glad earth raise
A noble song of praise,
Touched by the light which plays
From a nobler world than this!

Early and late still sow
The seed which God hath given.
Seek not reward below:
The glorious flower shall blow
Where cloudless summers glow;
The harvest is in heaven.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

(Lam. 1: 12.)

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians!
That Africa walks in night?
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed gospel light?
The cry goes up this morning
From a heart-broken race of slaves,
And seven hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians!
That in India's far-away land
There are thousands of people pleading,
For the touch of a Savior's hand?
They are groping and trying to find him,
And although he is ready to save,
Eight hundred precious souls each hour
Sink into a Christless grave!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians!
That millions of beings today
In the heathen darkness of China
Are rapidly passing away?
They have never heard the story
Of the loving Lord who saves,
And fourteen hundred every hour
Are sinking to Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Will ye pass by and say,
"It is nothing—we can not aid them"?
You can give, or go, or pray;
You can save your souls from blood-guiltiness,
For in lands you have never trod

The heathen are dying every day,
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Dare ye say ye have naught to do?
All over the world they wait for the light,
And is this nothing to you?

NO ONE THINKS OF ME.

(Soliloquy of a heathen widow.)

Within my curtained walls I sit,
Dark screened with sable gloom;
Nor ray of light, nor joy, nor hope
Pervades my silent tomb.

The air refreshing is not mine
Nor cooling showers from heav'n;
While others thrice are served with food
But once to me 'tis giv'n.

They sit with mirth at festal board,
The lovely world they see;
Its charming scenes their souls delight—
But no one thinks of me.

In "worthlessness" and ignorance,
To all a lifelong curse;
A shadowy existence mine,
Could mortal state be worse?

A "dwelling-place of vices rare,"
The "gateway unto hell";

And since I've "caused my husband's death" (?)
In tortures I must dwell.

I look behind—'tis only dark;
And forth—but all in vain:
Since no one cares, within my walls
Depraved I must remain.

What have I done—what sin, what crime,
That in my prison I
Must eke a dire existence out
And hopelessly must die?

No one to speak a kindly word,
Not one to hear my plea;
Enclosed within my living tomb,
There's no one thinks of me.

I've heard there lies a country far
Across the rolling sea,
Where all behold the Light of Life.
(Would they might think of me!)

They have a Savior, too, I'm told
That frees from sin and shame;
For all there's life and joy and peace
Who call upon his name.

I've heard that e'en the wretched, poor,
Forsaken, vile, and low,
Depraved, accursed, and worthless ones
May all salvation know.

They say this Savior's kind and good
And looks with pitying eye

On fatherless and widows too,
And hears each pain-fraught cry.

They revel in his graces rich;
His lavish store is free:
While they such bliss enjoy on earth,
Will they not think of me?

Oh would there were some friendly breeze
To bear across the sea
A wretched widow's silent thoughts,
That they might think of me!

YET ANOTHER YEAR.

Another cycle dawns across the earth;
A year dies, a year has its birth.
Great God above, beyond our feeble thought,
These hundred years, what wonders hast thou wrought!

New nations risen in the wilderness
Declare thy name, thy potency express.
On land and sea thy greatness we behold,
Thy wisdom high, thy marvels manifold.

Thine arm of might, that ruleth wind and wave,
Hath bound the lightning's servants unto man,
Hath broke the chains and loosed the toiling slave,
And winnowed nations with thy wrathful fan;

And through the years, in calm and battle-shock,
Hath safely led thy people as a flock:
The truth moves on, unstayed by hostile hands,
And bears thy word into remotest lands,

Till distant shores awaken to the ray
Of light divine from Zion's dawning day.

Praise to thy name, O Lord of majesty!
Praise to thy name, who doest wondrously.
For all the past our thanks we offer thee,
For all that is, and all that is to be.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

(2 Cor. 4: 6.)

Thou whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
By thine almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might;

Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world far and wide
"Let there be light!"

DO WE WELL?

To the Syrian camp at twilight,
Hungry, thirsty, bleeding, sore,
Came four leprous men of Israel;
Found they there abundant store—
Gold and silver, food and raiment.
"We must go the message tell,
'Tis a day of joyful tidings;
Waiting here, we do not well."

CHORUS.

'Tis the day of full salvation;
Go the joyful message tell.
While we wait, the millions perish,
And we do not well.

Do we well, my precious brethren?
While they starve and die for bread,
We with heaven's richest blessings
Are so bountifully fed.
If we tarry till the morning,
Mischief shall our souls befall.
Go and tell earth's dying millions
There is bread enough for all.

India's lost ones still are crying
From that sin-benighted land;

Hear those wails from darkest China,
And from Egypt's sunlit strand!
While a soul remains in darkness
And in idleness we dwell,
Selfishly the truth enjoying,
Brethren dear, we do not well.

While a few have crossed the ocean,
Leaving all for Jesus' name,
There is room for many others;
Go, the gospel news proclaim!
Those who roam in sin's dominion
Can be rescued yet from hell;
While a moment's left to save them,
If we wait, we do not well.

If we labor on for Jesus
And to every dying one
Tell the glad and joyful tidings
Till life's fleeting day is done,
When we stand before the judgment
While our hearts with rapture swell,
We shall hear the Savior saying,
"Ye have done exceeding well."

HERALDS OF TRUTH.

White is the harvest; calls the Master for you;
Reapers are needed that are faithful and true.
Thrust in the sickle, all the sheaves gather in;
Go with gospel tidings, go the lost world to win.

Heralds of truth, from the dawn till close of day
Tell of his love to the millions; don't delay.

See! they are perishing; in sin they repine.
Go, ye gospel heralds, with the message divine.

Search in the highways; bid the wand'rer to come;
Rescue the dying; all the lost gather home;
Stay not in idleness; the shadows will fall;
Fast the day is waning; tell the story to all.

Over the billows comes a heart-rending cry,
Wails from the millions who in sin hopeless die,
Pleading for mercy: "Who will cross o'er the waves
With the blessed tidings, Jesus saves, Jesus saves?"

Swift toward eternity they haste, nor they wait;
Fast they are perishing. How sad is their fate!
Work ere the day decline and soon come the night,
Till the world is flaming with the pure gospel light.

Haste, then, ye messengers, nor tarry for dross;
Bid every guilty one to bow at the cross,
Washing away their crimson stains in the blood,
Till a world of sinners is redeemed unto God.

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do? O folded hands,
  Why do ye lie, so white and fair,
When the sad world on every side
  Calls for your help and earnest care?

Nothing to do? There are tired feet,
  Weary with walking life's sinful road,
Show them the way to paths so sweet,
  That point to heaven and lead to God.

Nothing to do but to live at ease
When thousands fall on every side?
You might have helped them to bear the load,
To breast the swift and rushing tide.

Nothing to do? *Your* days are bright
With golden eves and sunny morns;
You gather flowers from morn till night,
While many are pierced with cruel thorns.

Nothing to do? What will you say,
When the Lord of the harvest asks of you,
"What hast thou gleaned in my field today?"
Lord, there was nothing for me to do.

GO YE.

There's a call from the far-off heathen land;
Oh, what can we do for the great demand?

We have not wealth, like the rich man's store;
We will give ourselves: we have nothing more.

We will give our feet: they shall go and go
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

We will give our hands, till their work shall turn
To the gold we have not, but they can earn.

We will give our eyes the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

We will give our tongues the story to tell
Till the Christian hearts shall with pity swell.

We have little to give; but by and by
We may have a call from the voice on high—

"Go bear my gospel o'er land and sea,
Into all the world go ye, go ye."

Though of silver and gold we have none at all,
We give ourselves, for we hear that call.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS CAST.

Mid the losses and the gains;
Mid the pleasures and the pains;
Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this passage o'er,
We believe it more and more:
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,
Will keep slipping through our hands;
Jewels, gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark;
Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But these words will never fail:
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon, like dust, to you and me,
Will our earthly treasure be;
But the loving word and deed
To a soul in bitterest need,
They will unforgotten be,
They will live eternally:
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away;
Soon our mortal powers decay;
Low and lower sinks the sun;
What we do must soon be done:
Then what rapture if we hear
Thousand voices ringing clear,
  Bread upon the waters cast
  Shall be gathered at the last.

LIFT YOUR EYES.

Lift your eyes, my brother, sister,
  Lift them to the fields all white;
Look out on the heathen millions
  Dying without life or light,
Falling like the leaves in autumn
  To their graves beneath the snow;
So in one unending column
  Down to death and hell they go.

CHORUS.

Lift your eyes unto the harvest;
  Listen to your Lord's command;
Give the gospel as a witness;
  Speed it to the isles and lands.

Lift your eyes; extend your vision;
  Look beyond your selfish sphere;
Take a world-wide glance around you;
  See the souls in guilt and fear
Who have never known of Jesus
  Falling, dying, unprepared,
To confront us in the judgment
  With the words, "You never cared."

Lift your eyes; your heathen brethren
Never yet have even heard
Of the Christ who died to save them,
Of the blessed, living word;
They are groping on in darkness,
Hast'ning each into his grave,
Slipping fast away in sorrow,
Past our power to help or save.

Lift your eyes: the Master speaketh;
'Tis his voice commands us still.
If you love him, truly love him,
You will answer, "Lord, I will.
I will look upon the harvest;
I will haste to lend a hand,
Praying, giving, yes, and going,"
For he's said, "To every land."

CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

A cry is ever sounding
Upon my burdened ear,
A cry of pain and anguish,
A cry of woe and fear;
It is the voice of myriads
Who grope in heathen night;
It is the cry of Jesus,
To rise and send them light.

With every pulse's beating,
Another soul is gone,
With all its guilt and sorrow,
To stand before the throne,

And learn with awe and wonder
The story of that grace,
Which God to us hast trusted,
For all our fallen race.

Oh, how the Master's bosom,
Must swell with love and pain
As evermore they meet him
That sad and ceaseless train;
And if he holds us guilty
For all our brothers' blood,
What answer can we offer,
Before the throne of God?

PENNIES OR PROMISES?

"If I had heaps of yellow corn
And fields of waving wheat,
I'd quickly send a cargo where
They've not enough to eat;
I'd load a ship myself alone,
With grain of ev'ry kind,
And make my harvest offering
The best that I could find.
Or, if I had just money, why,
That too would do much good;
For it should go to India
To buy the children food."

'Twas little Rob who said these words,
So generous and so bold.
What he would do when he was rich
He very often told;
But, oh this same dear little boy,
When he had dimes to spend,

Bought something for himself alone,
Had none to give or lend.
But truly, now, if Rob expects
To be a generous man,
He'd better practise when he's small
By giving what he can.

A PRAYER FOR REAPERS.

Far and near the fields are teeming
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

Lord of Harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest-time pass by.

Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.

THOSE MILLIONS OVER THERE.

They wait, those millions over there:
Our hope in Christ they do not share;
They wait for us to come;
The time of waiting seems so long,
Because they wait without a song
To bless their cheerless home.

They weep, those millions over there:
Our joy in Christ they do not share;
  They weep in hopeless grief.
Shall we not wipe their tears away?
Shall we not turn their night to day?
  Shall we not bring relief?

They die, those millions over there:
Our life in Christ they do not share;
  They die in sin and shame;
While Christ hath died to save them all
And yearns to save whoe'er may call
  On his sweet, blessed name.

Now, those dear millions over there
Heaven's richest gifts may fully share;
  Glad trophies they might win,
Could they but see the Savior's face;
Could they but share the Savior's grace,
  They'd triumph over sin.

Then help those millions over there
The bread of heaven sweet to share;
  God's sweetest message give—
That sin's sad end is not the grave,
That Jesus died our souls to save,
  Yes died that we might live.

"GO YE."

O church of Christ, thy Master's call
Sounds in thine ears; and over all
The tumults and the strifes of men,
His great commission sounds again:

"Go ye to earth's remotest bound,
Throughout the world my gospel sound;
Loud let your silver trumpet ring,
Proclaim God's kingdom and his King."

CHRIST IS THERE.

At length, on a bleak distant strand,
A feeble but confiding band,
In all our impotence we stand.
Wild scenes and wilder men are here,
A moral desert dark and drear;
But faith descries the harvest near,
Nor heeds the toil, nor dreads the foe,
Content where duty calls to go.

In cloudless sky we ne'er descry
Mercy sweet enthroned on high;
'Tis brighter when the storm is nigh.
The troubled sea, the desert air,
The furnace heat, the lion's lair,
Alike are safe when Christ is there.
In perfect peace the soul shall be,
Whose ev'ry hope is stayed on thee.

WHOM SHALL I SEND?

(Isa. 6: 8.)

O Spirit's anointing,
For service appointing,
On us descend;
For millions are dying,
And Jesus is crying,
"Whom shall I send?"

Ethiopia is reaching
Scarred hands and beseeching,
"Rend, Christians, rend
The chains long enthralling,"
And Jesus is calling,
"Whom shall I send?"

See China unsealing
Her gates and revealing
Friends without end!
Her night is receding,
And Jesus is pleading,
"Whom shall I send?"

Dark India is breaking
Her caste chains and making
Strong cries ascend
To Jesus, once bleeding,
But now interceding,
"Whom shall I send?"

While Israel's unavailing
And penitent wailing,
All things portend,
Why, why our delaying,
Since Jesus is saying,
"Whom shall I send"?

The islands, once hating
His yoke, are now waiting
Humbly to bend.
Hear Jesus appealing
To bear help and healing,
"Whom shall I send?"

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future; howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime

And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

PLEA FOR HEATHEN CHILDREN.

We plead for the little children
Who have opened their baby eyes
In the far-off land of darkness,
Where the shadow of death yet lies;
But not to be nurtured for heaven,
Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guarded,
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah! it is idol-worship
Their stammering lips are taught;
To cruel, false gods only
Are their gifts and offerings brought.
And what can we children offer
Who dwell in this Christian land?
Is there no work for the Master
In reach of each little hand?

Oh, surely a hundred tapers,
Which even small fingers can clasp,

May lighten so much of the darkness
As a lamp in a stronger grasp;
And then, as the line grows longer,
So many tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather treasures,
Even infant lips can pray;
Employ, then, the little fingers,
Let the children learn the way:
So the light shall be quicker kindled,
And darkness the sooner flee,
Many little ones learn of the Savior,
Both here and far over the sea.

THE HARVEST-FIELD.

Awake! the morning cometh!
The fields are all aglow!
Go, join the busy reapers
As forth to the lost they go.
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee today;
The fields gleam white in the dawning light.
Awake and haste away!

In distant sea-girt islands,
In many a sunny clime,
Where seed was sown with weeping,
'Tis now the harvest-time.

Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee today;
He calls again, and the waving grain
Still beckons thee away.

And you who can not labor,
The Lord hath need of you:
Pray for the earnest reapers,
The toilers faint and few;
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest
That laborers he will send
To work with their might in the fields so white
Till harvest time shall end.

COME AND HELP US.

Ho, all ye saints! with joy draw nigh
And let our Savior's name be praised,
Since ev'ry land now lifts the cry
That ancient Mecedonia raised.

Now sink the hoary mountains low;
The deep and dismal valleys rise;
Now land and sea, midst heat and snow,
Now for the Christian's gospel sigh.

No North nor South obstructs the way;
The distant East and West are one;
One is the prayer the heathen pray:
"O brothers! to our rescue come."

Why bow they still to stocks and stones,
Or prostrate fall and beat the ground?
Only the blood of Christ atones;
Here only is salvation found.

O sons of wealth, bring out your store
  Since you the truer riches find;
Be men of might in Christian lore;
  So preach the Savior of mankind.

The saving truth to all must go,
  The same which we with joy receive:
Nor can we rest till all below
  On him, our risen Lord, believe;

Till the whole earth redeemed shall stand,
  And he by all shall be adored,
And ev'ry kindred, tribe, and land
  Shall own in him their sovereign Lord;

Till heights and depths with rapture ring
  O'er earth and heav'n restored in one
To one great common Lord and King,
  That Lord and King God's only Son.

HELP FEED THE HUNGRY.

Never a sparrow falleth
  Down though the frosty air
But the loving eye of our Father
  Marks it with tender care;
Never the weakest birdling
  Cries for his daily bread
But the open hand of our Father
  Shows him a table spread.

But dearer far than sparrows
  Are the children of his love;
No weak ones are forgotten
  By the Father's heart above.

He knows the bitter hunger,
  He sees the souls unfed,
Of millions of his loved ones
  Dying for living bread.

And he who fed the thousands
  By Galilee's blue sea
Sends to his fainting children
  Portions by you and me.
Then gladly do his errands;
  Pass on the heaven-sent bread,
The gushing living water,
  Till all on earth are fed.

YOUR OWN.

What if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
  And you should know
  Where golden grow
Rich fruit and ripened grain;
  Would you hear the wail
  As a thrice-told tale
And turn to your feast again?

What if your own were starving,
And never a drop could gain,
  And you could tell
  Where a sparkling well
Poured forth melodious rain;
  Would you turn aside
  While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

What if your own were darkened,
Without one cheering ray,
  And you alone
  Could show where shone
The pure, sweet light of day;
  Would you leave them there
  In their dark despair
And sing on your sunlight way?

What if your own were wandering
Far in a trackless maze,
  And you could show
  Them where to go
Along your pleasant ways;
  Would your heart be light
  Till the pathway bright
Was plain before their gaze?

What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
  And the only key
  To set them free
Was held in your command;
  Would you breathe pure air
  While they stifled there,
And wait and hold your hand?

Yet what else are we doing,
Dear ones by Christ made free,
  If we will not tell
  What we know so well
To those across the sea
  Who have never heard
  One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary?

"They are not our own," you answer;
"They are neither kith nor kin."
They are God's own;
His love alone
Can save them from their sin.
They are Christ's own;
He left his throne
And died their souls to win.

OMNIPRESENT.

On mountains and in valleys
Where'er we go is God;
The cottage and the palace
Alike are his abode.
With wtachful eye abiding
Upon us with delight,
Our souls in him confiding
He keeps both day and night.

Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
Though other friends may fail me;
In sorrow's dark abode,
Though death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

SOW THY SEED.

A faithful worker in the Master's vineyard
Tended a little plot with loving care;
But as he sowed, one tiny seed was wafted
And borne far distant through the sweet spring air.

When, after months of toil, he sought his harvest,
Naught but a barren field his work repaid;
Not one fair bloom nor sign of golden fruitage
Had blessed the spot where he had toiled and prayed.

But, all unknown to him, the one stray seedling
In wondrous beauty bloomed a hundred-fold;
And barren fields were clothed with richest verdure
And myriad flowers blown from its cup of gold.

'Tis ours to sow; 'tis God's to give the increase
In his own gracious time and place and way.
No work for God is lost. Take heart, faint not;
You'll sing the harvest-home some golden day.

A SOUL-WINNER AND SOUL-TRAINER.

An earnest worker I would be
In winning souls, O Christ, to thee;
No work so great on earth I know
As working thus while here below.

Oh, fill me, blessed Holy Ghost!
And fill me to the uttermost,
That Jesus Christ may dwell within
And work through me to save from sin.

Reveal thyself, O Christ, in me,
That others may thy beauty see
And be constrained to seek thy face
And share the wonders of thy grace.

Save multitudes through me, I pray,
So long as here on earth I stay;

Then help me, Lord, thy lambs to feed,
Supplying well their ev'ry need.

Then out of childhood may they grow
Till thy full stature they shall know
And be prepared with thee to reign
When thou shalt come for them again.

THE HEATHEN CHILD TO THE AMERICAN CHILD.

If you had been born in a far-off land,
Far over the deep, wide sea,
And I in America had my home,
In America, land of the free;
If you were I and I were you,
Do you know what I would do?

If you had been born with a swarthy skin,
And people looked on you with scorn,
While I knew nothing is black but sin
And the soul may be white as the lily at morn;
If I had a chance to uplift you
Do you know what I would do?

If you were an orphan and homeless too,
And never had heard of the Lord,
While I had been taught from earliest days
To love and obey his Word;
If you were poor and ignorant too,
Do you know what I would do?

I would save my pennies and nickles and dimes,
And send them over the sea,

That you might be fed and clothed and taught
To worship the God who is dear to me.
If you were I and I were you,
That is what *I* would do.

I'd tell all the boys and girls around
Just what I was working for, too,
And I'd never give up till I'd got them to help
Send the gospel to the needy like you.
If you were I and I were you,
That is what *I* would do.

CROWN HIM.

They hushed their breath, that noble band,
To catch the last farewell,
The dear home shore receding fast
With ev'ry ocean swell;
Above the city's noise and din
A song rose on the air,
A song of triumph and of joy
From loved ones gathered there.

CHORUS.

Then speed thee on to ev'ry land,
Proclaim the gospel call
Till souls who sit in darkness now
Shall crown him Lord of all.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"
And clear as bugle call
The words came floating on the air,
"Oh, crown him Lord of all";
They caught the spirit of that hymn,
Danger and death looked small

To those brave ones who gave their lives
To crown him Lord of all.

A battle-hymn that song sped on,
"The world for Christ" the call,
"For ev'ry island of the sea
Shall crown him Lord of all":
On Afric's far-off sunny slopes,
By China's kingly wall,
They lay their lives down at his feet
To crown him Lord of all.

The Southern Cross begins to bend,
The morning dawns at last;
Idol and shrine and mosque and tow'r,
At Jesus' feet are cast.
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head,
Let ev'ry burden fall;
Come lay your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all.

CHARLEY AND HIS SHILLING.

Little Charley found a shilling
As he came from school one day;
"Now," said he, "I'll have a fortune,
For I'll plant it right away.

I'll not say a word to mother,
For I know she would be willing;
Home I'll run and in my garden
Plant my pretty, bright new shilling.

Every day I'll give it water,
And I'll weed it with great care,

And, I guess, before the winter
It will many shillings bear.

Then I'll buy a horse and carriage
And a lot of splendid toys,
And I'll give a hundred shillings
To poor little girls and boys."

Thus deluded, little Charley
Laid full many a splendid plan
As the little coin he planted,
Wishing he were grown a man.

Day by day he nursed and watched it,
Thought of nothing else beside;
Day by day was disappointed,
For no sign of growth he spied.

Tired at last of hopeless waiting,
More than any child could bear,
Little Charley told his secret
To his mother, in despair.

Never was a kinder mother,
But when his story she had heard,
'Twas so funny she, for laughing,
Could not speak a single word.

This was worse than all, for Charley
Thought his sorrow too severe,
And in spite of ev'ry effort
Down his cheek there rolled a tear.

This his tender mother seeing
Kissed it off before it fell.

"Where to plant your bright, new shilling,"
Said she, smiling, "let me tell.

Peter Brown's two little children
Long have wished to learn to read,
But their father is so poor
He can not buy the books they need.

To their use if you will spend it,
Precious seed you thus may sow,
And ere many months are ended,
Trust me, you will see it grow."

OH, BRING THE LIGHT!

The cry re-echoes o'er the sea
From hungry, sighing hearts,
"Come, bring the light of gospel truth
To these neglected parts."

"We're going down to death each day,
A hundred thousand strong;
Come, bring the light of gospel truth
And stem this dying throng."

In China there are millions still
That never heard of Him;
Oh, send the light of gospel truth
Ere your own light grows dim!

From Africa and India too
Some plaintive cries ascend;
Oh, send the light of gospel truth
And let their sorrows end!

The Japanese have hungry hearts
Salvation's cup to taste;
Oh, send the light of gospel truth—
There is no time to waste!

The islands sob a restless cry
For missionaries, too;
Oh, send the light of gospel truth
And show your love is true!

O brother, sister, hear the cry;
Let God your ear attune,
And send the light of gospel truth,
For Christ is coming soon!

WHOSE BOX AM I?

Clean, bright, and happy here I live
Upon a mantle shelf,
And feel so cheerful all the day,
With every thought of self.

A real thank-offering box am I
And joyous days have seen;
"For copper, silver, yea, and gold
Within my walls have been."

But now these gifts are doing good
In many needy lands,
While here I wait for richer gifts
Given by willing hands.

My owner loves her Lord so well,
And all her neighbors too,

She gives me something day by day
To spread the gospel true.

She handles me with care, because
I fill my mission well.
I'm always here for eyes to see
And of God's love to tell.

When others take me up and read
The message that I give,
They stop and think of Him whose love
And blessings help them live;

And then in gratitude they place
Their gifts within my walls
Where they are safely kept until
"Ingathering day" next fall.

MISSIONARY.

The call of God to Christians comes
To make his message known
Till dwellers of all climes and tongues
Bow down before his throne.

Few give their time and few their gold
Obedient to his will,
And few their lives and few their prayers,
His purpose to fulfil.

Yet millions walk in darkest night
E'en though the beams divine
With healing streams of purest light
Upon earth's pathways shine.

BEAUTIFUL JAPAN.

Off the coast of Asia,
Mid the mighty ocean,
Lies an island kingdom
  Strangely fair and bright.
Ere the rising sunbeams
Touch the Asian highlands,
All her isles are glowing
  In the morning light.
First to catch the radiance
Of a brighter sunrise,
Island of the morning,
    Beautiful Japan!

Like a youthful giant,
She is leaping onward,
Gathering up the spoils
  Of ev'ry age and clime.
She has caught the vision
Of a grander future
And would fain outstrip
  The very march of time.
What she needs is Jesus,
And the Holy Spirit:
Only Christ can save thee,
    Beautiful Japan!

Land of wondrous beauty,
What a charm there lingers
Over ev'ry landscape,
  Ev'ry flower and tree!
But a brighter glory
Waits to burst upon thee
Than thy cloud-capped mountains

Or thy inland sea,
Wake to meet the dawning
Of a heav'nly sunrise,
Rise to hail the glory
Shining down on thee.

At the gates of Asia,
Foremost of her nations,
God has set her people
In his wondrous plan.
China's teeming myriads
And Korea's millions
Wait for her to lead them
To the Son of man.
Rise to meet thy mission,
Haste to claim thy calling,
Hail his glorious kingdom,
Beautiful Japan.

INDIAN TEMPLE CHILDREN.

Jesus, Master, thou dost see the children
In India's temples crying,
In India's temples dying
To all that's good;
And thou dost call thy daughters,
Whose hearts are sore with weeping,
With thee to wake our sleeping
Home motherhood.

Jesus, Master, touch the hearts in England
To hear what these are saying,
That they by fervent praying
May join the fight.

Let none grow faint or weary,
For in thy name prevailing,
We go, the foe assailing,
In thy great might.

Jesus, Master, lover of the children,
In thee we are believing
From thee each one receiving
A trust to be;
And when again thou comest,
How glad will be the meeting!
How sweet the children's greeting,
That welcome thee!

THE EVENING HOUR.

Another day has reached its close,
Yet, Savior, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace thy love bestows:
Smile on my evening hour.

Weary, I come to thee for rest;
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Grant me thy Spirit for my guest:
Smile on my evening hour.

Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain:
Smile on my evening hour.

O Jesus, Lord, enthroned on high,
Thou hearest the contrite spirit's cry,
Look down on me with pitying eye:
Smile on my evening hour.

My only intercessor thou,
Mingle thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow:
Smile on my evening hour.

And, oh, when time's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL LOVE.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Rev. 7: 9, 10.

I love to think of heaven bright,
Of Father and of Son,
Of holy angels gathered round
In worship at the throne.

I love to think of the redeemed
On yonder shining shore,
Whose hearts unite in songs of praise
As one, forevermore.

I love to think of heaven's love,
So full, so pure, so free;
That fount of love, so limitless,
That fills the Godhead, Three.

I see that stream of love divine
Poured forth from Calvary;

Its tender love enrapts my heart—
O cleansing stream for me!

I love to think of that great day
When saints in him shall rise,
Made glorious then in bodies new,
To join him in the skies.

I love to think of endless years
Spent with my Lord above,
And also with the blood-washed throng,
The ransomed ones I love.

I love to think of those I'll see
Of all the tribes of men;
Though varied is our lot on earth,
As one we'll worship then.

Made one through Christ;
So when we come to that eternal shore,
We'll sing of One, the worthy Lamb,
And praise him evermore.

Yet not enough that we should be
As one when we're in heav'n,
But one on earth (the light now shines),
One heart, one name is giv'n.

I hear the words of God's dear Son:
"Go into all the world
And tell of Heav'n's redeeming love,
With banners wide unfurled.

Go, tell the gospel theme of love
To ev'ry creature, pray;

Till all may know of that blest fount
That washes sins away."

For God all kindreds, nations, tribes,
Would gather into one,
Both high and low, and far and near—
All things in Christ the Son.

The Jew shall come and e'en the Greek,
The rich as well as poor;
The black, the brown, and yellow too,
The Esquimaux, the Moore.

The red man from the Indian tribes,
The man that's white of face,
Those who've been free, as well as slaves,
Will there proclaim his grace.

He loves them all alike, we're told,
(And so should you and me
If we are joined as one with him
In blessed unity.)

O ye of ev'ry country here,
How small indeed thy place!
'Tis God the nations hath ordained
To show his wondrous grace.

For it can keep the willing heart
In any circumstance;
And thus weak creatures of the dust
His glory will enhance.

Go forth, O messenger of love,
To all the tribes of earth,

And let the love of Jesus flow
To ev'ry darkened heart.

Let perfect oneness be our theme
(We stand upon the Word)—
One faith, one mind, and doctrine true,
One body, and one Lord.

And let us love as brethren dear
Nor look on outward part,
But judge with righteous judgment fair;
God looketh on the heart.

O love abounding, thou wilt draw
From ev'ry race the same,
A company diverse in ways,
Yet one in heart and name.

O brother, ev'ry brother dear,
Of whate'er race thou art.
If we are joined in love on earth,
In heaven we'll never part.

THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.

Let no one think that I condemn
A simple mode of life
Nor that there's nothing beautiful
In peasants' humble life,

Since for the beauty which I see
My heart with joy doth sing;
There's beauty hidden ev'rywhere,
In ev'ry common thing.

There's beauty in the sharp-edged grass
That lies so brown and sear;
There's beauty in the muddy road,
More than there'd first appear;

There's beauty in savanna wild
That crowns yon mountain top;
There's beauty in the yam-field too,
And in the "goon-goo" crop.

The Rio Minho ripples through
A pleasant, goodly land,
And sings, as o'er the stones it flows,
A beauteous hymn, yea, grand.

Not only in the mountains high,
Which God hath clothed with power;
Not only in the ferns and palms,
Which meet our eye each hour,

But even in man's humble art,
Wrought by his hands alone,
There's beauty, such as only those
Who merit see and own.

O proud of heart, stoop low and learn
From objects common, ev'n;
There's beauty hidden ev'rywhere
That tells of God in heav'n.

True beauty's shown in ev'ry task,
No matter what it be,
If grace is crowned within the breast
With love from Calvary.

And worthy toil from honest heart
  Is noble beauty too;
Those who disdain to honor such
  Know naught of beauty true.

Jamaica, thou art beautiful,
  Yet heavy is my heart,
For well I know our "land's defiled";
  It makes the teardrops start.

Awake, fair isle, and gird thyself
  With strength and purity;
Oh! let thy sons be lawful born,
  Brought forth with chastity.

Redeem thy name from ev'ry stain;
  Put off thy ways unchaste;
Oh! let the people rise as one
  And marriage laws be graced.

When womanhood with virtue's crowned,
  And purity shall reign,
Then all this land shall beauteous be,
  Redeemed from awful stain.

Let law prevail, dear Lord, we pray;
  Awake this people now;
Lift up the head that's now bowed down;
  Crown virtue on her brow.

Let holiness exalted be,
  Make pure each wayward heart,
That man may also lovely be,
  In ev'ry secret part.

O man, let not the cragged rocks
  Or sear-edged grasses wild
Condemn thy lack of beauty pure;
  Arise! be not defiled.

Then shall true beauty here be crowned
  In ev'ry part complete,
And heart of man more beauty show
  Than earth beneath his feet.

CLARENDON MOUNTAINS.

I'm up on the mountain,
At last on the mountain;
  The hot, fevered city's below.
I'm up on the mountain,
This evergreen mountain,
  Where breezes so coolingly blow.

O kind, tender mountain,
Thou "mothering" mountain,
  Thy lap shall my cradle now be.
O health-giving mountain,
O fever-free mountain,
  Nurse me, and I too shall be free.

O beautiful mountain,
O hazy-blue mountain,
  My soul in its rapture now sings.
Thy summits of grandeur
Like altars surround me;
  My heart its glad offering brings.

I gaze o'er the mountain,
The high, lofty mountain,
  In delight breathe the sweet, fragrant air;
Thank God for the mountain!
From altars rock-bounded,
  My heart lifts its incense in pray'r.

Contented I'm resting
"Between thy broad shoulders,"
  Secure from all mundane alarm;
Thy infinite love here
Expressed in each object,
  I'm safe from all danger or harm.

Thy presence, Jehovah,
I feel in these mountains:
  In scales hast thou measured each one;
Thy hand still supports them.
Thy love here enrapts me;
  Without thee my life were so lone.

O Lord of creation,
I kneel at thy footstool,
  Thy majesty great over all;
Accept my poor homage,
The best I can offer—
  How nothing myself and my all!

OUR DAILY TALK.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clean,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear

Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence till your faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
  At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
  The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts tonight—

The stone you might have lifted
  Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
  You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
  The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
  With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
  So easily out of mind;
These chances to be angels
  Which even mortals find—

They come in night and silence,
Each chill reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

IS THY CRUSE OF COMFORT FAILING?

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with a friend,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee to the end.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain:
Seed will mildew in the garner,
Scattered fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to lift thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

BE SWIFT.

Be swift, dear heart, in loving;
For time is brief,
And thou mayst soon along life's highway
Keep step with grief.

Be swift, dear heart, in saying
The kindly word;
When ears are sealed, thy passionate pleading
Will not be heard.

Be swift, dear heart, in doing
The gracious deed,
Lest soon they whom thou holdest dearest
Be past the need.

Be swift, dear heart, in giving
The rare sweet flower,
Nor wait to heap with blooms the casket
In some sad hour.

Dear heart, be swift in loving;
Time speedeth on,
And all thy chance of blessed service
Will soon be gone.

A CRY FOR LIGHT.

When eternity's morn has rolled out o'er the city,
And the Savior has ceased to look earthward with pity;
When the trumpet shall sound and the Judge shall appear,
And mankind are assembled their sentence to hear—

Some condemned to the left, some called to the right;
Those groping in darkness, these walking in light—

What a sight it will be, friends, for you and for me,
If away to the left the dark heathen we see,
With a frown on their brow and a curse on their breath,
As they charge us with sealing their doom and their death,
With the harrowing words as they sink in the night:
"We might have been saved had you sent us the light;

But you hoarded your pennies, your nickles, and dimes,
As if sending the gospel were akin to all crimes;
Nor ever have told us the debt has been paid,
And on One who is mighty our sorrows were laid;
And we left in ignorance for want of the light,
Have groped on in darkness that's ending in night.

Oh, the stars will be few in the crowns ye shall wear,
If, indeed, any crowns for such idlers there are;
And the great loving Savior, whose name you have named,
Of such profitless servants may well be ashamed.
The wood, hay, and stubble you've built in his name
Will only be food for the consuming flame;
And your joy will depart as you think on our night.
Then, why, oh, why did you not send us the light?"

SEND THEM FORTH.

Awake thy church ere yet the day departs;
For while she sleeps, swift works the reaper Death.
O God, forgive, and into torpid hearts

Send like a mighty wind thy quickening breath;
Lord, send thy laborers forth.

Come from the South, O Wind, come from the North,
And from thy garden make the spices flow;
Their fragrance sweet throughout the earth shed forth,
Till God's great gift to men all men shall know.
Lord, send the laborers forth.

STIR INTO FLAME.

(2 Tim. 1: 6, R. V., Margin.)

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! I care not how.
But stir my heart in passion for the world;
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;
Stir till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;
Till thy compelling "must" drives me to pray;
Till thy constraining love reach to the poles,
Far north and south, in burning, deep desire;
Till east and west are caught in love's great fire.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! till prayer is pain,
Till prayer is joy, till prayer turns into praise;
Stir me till heart and will and mind, yea, *all,*
Is wholly thine to use through all the days;
Stir, till I learn to pray "exceedingly";
Stir, till I learn to wait expectantly.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! Thy heart was stirred
By love's intensest fire, till thou didst give

Thine only Son, thy best-beloved One,
E'en to the dreadful cross, that I might live.
Stir me to give myself so back to thee
That thou canst give thyself again through me.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! for I can see
Thy glorious triumph-day begin to break;
The dawn already gilds the eastern sky.
O church of Christ, arise! Awake! awake!
Oh! stir us, Lord! as heralds of that day,
For night is past; our King is on his way!

ON FURLOUGH.

("Let me go back!" Words of a missionary.)

Let me go back! I am homesick
For the land of my love and toil,
Though I thrill at the sight of my native hills,
The touch of my native soil.
Thank God for the dear home country,
Unconquered and free and grand!
But the far-off shores of the East for me
Are the shores of the Promised Land.

No longer young—I know it—
And battered and worn and gray,
I bear in my body the marks that tell
Of many a toil-filled day;
But 'tis long to the end of a lifetime
And the hour for the sun to set.
My heart is eager for years to come;
Let me work for the Master yet!

My brain is dazed and wearied
With the New World's stress and strife,

With the race for money and place and power
And the whirl of the nation's life.
Let me go back! Such pleasures
And pains are not for me;
But, oh! for a share in the harvest-home
Of the fields beyond the sea.

For *there* are my chosen people,
And *that* is my place to fill,
To spend the last of my life and strength
In doing my Master's will.
Let me go back! 'Tis nothing
To suffer and do and dare;
For the Lord has faithfully kept his word,
He is 'with me alway' there.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

From Orient lands and islands fair,
Long shrouded with the gloom of night,
Breathes through the dark and silent air
The cry of longing for the light.
O watchman who on Zion's hill
Dost search the skies with eyes intent,
What of the night so cold and chill?
When will the weary hours be spent?

What of the night of sin and grief,
The night of ignorance and fear?
Is there no dawning of relief?
Doth not some morning star appear?
Oh yes! lift up your longing eyes;
The morning cometh swiftly on;
The Sun of righteousness doth rise;
The shades of night will soon be gone.

But, soul, thou must thyself awake
And welcome his first dawning ray;
Else will the light thy heart forsake
And leave thee to thy dark'ning way.
And, Christian, thou must not forget
To send afar the gospel light,
Lest, though "the morning cometh," yet
Of thee be said—"and also night."

MUST I GO EMPTY-HANDED?

Must I go empty-handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Not one day of service give him?
Lay no trophy at his feet?

Must I go empty-handed?
Must I meet my Savior so?
Not one soul with which to greet him,
Must I empty-handed go?

Not at death I shrink or falter,
For my Savior saves me now;
But to meet him empty-handed—
Thought of that now clouds my brow.

Oh the years of sinning wasted!
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Savior;
To his will I'd gladly bow.

O ye saints, arouse; be earnest;
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertake thee;
Strive for souls while still ye may.

IF WE COULD ONLY SEE!

It were not hard, we think, to serve Him
If we could only see!
If He would stand with that gaze intense
Burning into our bodily sense;
If we might look on that face most tender,
The brows where the scars are turned to splendor,
Might catch the light of His smile so sweet,
And view the marks on His hands and feet,
How loyal we should be!
It were not hard, we think, to serve Him
If we could only see!

It were not hard, He says, to see Him
If we would only serve.
"He that doeth the will of heaven,
To Him shall knowledge and sight be given."
While for His presence we sit repining,
Never we see His countenance shining;
They who toil where his reapers be
The glow of His smile may always see,
And their faith can never swerve,
It were not hard, He says, to see Him
If we would only serve.

MISSIONARY.

What is the world worth? Is it worth saving?
Is it worth sacrifice, treasure, and blood?
Shall we make strife for it?
Christ gave his life for it;
Bitterest hatred and enmity braving,
Gave life at its fullest and love at its flood.

How does God value the world sin-encumbered?
He waits to be gracious; he yearns to forgive.
He loves it with love that is tender, compassionate,
Into the likeness of heaven would fashion it;
God gave his own Son, who with sinners was numbered;
Redeems it, renews it, and bids it to live.

But our giving is small, and God gives without measure;
Does he care for our aid when a world's to be won?
Yes, for the Holiest
Honors the lowliest,
Offering for love's sake and of his good pleasure;
God deems us coworkers and heirs with his Son.

Light's in the Orient; morning is breaking!
Lifts the long darkness; the day is at hand!
Voices are calling us,
Needs are appalling us;
Earth from its century-sleep is awaking,
And hungry and needy the multitudes stand.

Christ had compassion; and shall we not carry
The bread that gives life, and God's message of grace?
Nations petition us,
Christ doth commission us;
Let not the feet of the messengers tarry;
Their pathway is lit by the smile of God's face.

THE TWO LOOKS.

I saw One hanging on a tree
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath,
  Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
  Though not a word he spoke.

Alas! I knew not what I did,
  But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
  For I the Lord have slain!

A second look he gave, that said,
  "I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
  I die that thou may'st live."

Thus while his death my sin displays
  In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
  It seals my pardon too!

HELPERS NEEDED.

Hark! the voice of Jesus saying,
  "Go ye into all the world;
Preach the gospel, not delaying;
  Let your banner be unfurled."

Go ye until every nation
  Shall have heard the blessed truth.
Jesus died for their salvation;
  Tell it unto all on earth.

Many millions still are dying,
  Bound by sin's deceptive chain;

Do the saints not hear them crying,
And from loosing them refrain?

Some have gone to bear the message,
But their forces are so small
And the burdens are so heavy
Need they help to bear them all.

Souls in darkness still are calling;
Do their cries not reach your ear?
Missionaries also pleading,
"Come and help us over here."

Brother, sister, 'tis so little
To our Lord's command obey;
For he whispers peace and comfort
"And thy strength be as thy day."

EVENING PRAYER.

When the happy day is ended
And each child so free from care
Kneels beside its loving parents
As they bow in earnest prayer,

'Tis so sweet to hear their voices
As from little hearts of love
They send up their short petitions
To the Father's throne above.

And the good Lord hears and answers,
Gives them sleep through all the night;
Then awakens them all rested
When the morning sun is bright.

If they're sick, the good Lord heals them;
If they're tired, he sends them rest.
Oh, how much the little children
By the Savior dear are blessed!

But away across the waters,
Many, many children live
Who don't know there is a Jesus,
All these blessings rich to give.

They bow down before dumb idols,
Worship gods of stone and wood,
Things that can not see nor hear them,
Much less help them to be good.

Since they know not of the Savior,
Let me tell you what to do:
When you pray (now don't forget it),
Ask the Lord to bless them too.

MY VISION.

The feast was spread, the solemn words were spoken;
Humbly my soul drew near to meet her Lord,
To plead his sacrificial body broken,
His blood for me outpoured.

Confessing all my manifold shortcomings,
Weeping, to cast myself before his throne,
Praying his Spirit to take full possession,
And seal me all his own,

On him I laid each burden I was bearing—
The anxious mind, of strength so oft bereft,

The future dim, the children of my caring—
All on his heart I left.

"How could I live, my Lord," I cried, "without thee?
How for a single day this pathway trace
And feel no loving arm thrown round about me,
No all-sustaining grace?

Oh, show me how to thank thee, praise thee, love thee,
For gifts bestowed upon unworthy me;
The rainbow hope that spans the sky above,
The promised rest with thee."

As if indeed he spoke the answer, fitted
Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came up:
"Let any rise if they have been omitted
When passed the bread and cup."

Sudden before my inward, open vision
Millions of faces crowded up to view,
Sad eyes that said, "For us is no provision;
Give us your Savior, too!"

"Give us," they cried, "your cup of consolation
Never to our outreaching hand is passed.
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And oh, we die so fast!

Does he not love us too, this gracious Master?
'Tis from your hand alone we can receive
The bounty of his grace; oh send it faster,
That we may take and live!"

"Master," I said, as from a dream awaking,
"Is this the service thou dost show to me?

Dost thou to me intrust thy bread for breaking
To those who cry for thee?

Dear Heart of love, canst thou forgive the blindness
That let thy child sit selfish and at ease
By the full table of thy loving-kindness,
And take no thought for these?

As thou hast loved me, let me love; returning
To these dark souls the grace thou givest me;
And, oh! to me impart thy deathless yearning
To draw the lost to thee.

Nor let me cease to spread thy glad salvation,
Till thou shalt call me to partake above,
Where the redeemed of every tribe and nation
Sit at this feast of love!"

POOR AFRICA!

From Africa's jungles there comes a sad wail:
Has a tigress been robbed of her young?
Or from a poor lioness robbed of her prey
Has that piteous moaning been wrung?

Ah, no—from your brothers and sisters and mine,
Though dark and ill-favored they be,
Yet Jesus *our* Savior for *them* also died;
To save them he hung on the tree.

Come list to that treading! A caravan comes!
Of camels well laden with wealth?
Nay—of slaves chained together and bearing the gains
Their masters have gotten by stealth.

Now hear the rude slaver with merciless hand
  Upon their bared backs lay the lash;
And one lagging back from hunger or ills
  Is killed with a club in a flash.

He dies without hope; never heard of the Christ,
  Who has bid us, "Go tell unto all
There's One filled with pity and mercy and love,
  Who sees e'en the sparrows that fall."

And then his great load on another is placed,
  Whose strength is already o'ertaxed—
Perhaps on that mother who carries her babe,
  Ere her hold on the child is relaxed.

Mayhap that sad mother was captured last night,
  When a raid on the village was made;
While they killed her poor husband and burned up their
    hut.
  (From her mind will that scene ever fade?)

How bravely she struggles her grief to suppress!
  From hunger her strength is near wrecked;
How heavy the package! How dear is her babe
  She's striving so hard to protect!

But the slaver so cruel her weariness sees
  (Your sister, dear brethren, and mine)
And snatches her babe, which he casts to the ground,
  But she must remain in the line.

Who notes e'en the sparrow saw also the child,
  And sent to its rescue that day;
But the mother knew not and wept sorely that night;
  Did she know to the Savior to pray?

O God, thou avenger of widows, and judge
  Of helpless and fatherless child,
Oh, send to the help of those poor fettered souls,
  Who live in that region so wild.

Burn thou in the hearts of thy children the fact,
  To this poor. burdened people we owe
A duty of praying and giving of means;
  And this duty to some is to go.

Another is groaning; let's hasten and see:
  A slave whom his master has daubed
With honey and bound both his hands and his feet;
  By ants of his life he is robbed.

His trouble's soon over, but will he forgive?
  The gospel he never has heard.
Let's do our duty and no effort spare,
  Till Africa has the glad Word!

List! What is that clinking? A twelve-year-old lad
  Is bound to a log by a chain,
Which he has to drag wherever he goes,
  Deliverance seeking in vain.

And yonder alone sits a helpless old man,
  His food and his drink nearly gone;
Too old to be useful, he's left there to die,
  Ere life's race he fully has run.

He tries to take courage, with sad, troubled heart;
  Go tell them that Jesus hath said,
"Let your heart not be troubled; believe ye in me,
  Nor let it be ever afraid."

As Jesus beholdeth these poor wretched souls,
What doth he, my brother, require?
Oh, can we in Zion sit idly at ease,
With all that our hearts can desire?

And some have their bank-notes and cattle and lands,
O'er which as His stewards he's made.
O brother and sister, we are not our own;
We're bought with the price he hath paid.

Oh, crucify self; on the altar place all;
Perform all your vows to the Lord;
Pray, "Lord of the harvest, more laborers send
Till Africa's blessed with thy Word."

Oh, if 'twere our mother or sister or child
'Twas suffering on Afric's dark shore,
Then would we not, brother, be fervent in prayer,
Or go, or give all in our pow'r?

"Inasmuch as ye've ministered unto these,
Ye have ministered unto me."
"Who doeth the will of my Father in heaven,
My brother and sister is he."

FIDELITY.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;

A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

CONTRIBUTION.

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To 'tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

LOVE'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

OUR CROSS.

"Take up thy cross," the Savior said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

Take up thy cross: let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

THE MINISTRY.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands.

They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must forever live
In rapture or in woe.

All to the great tribunal haste,
  Account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
  Lord! how should we appear?

May they that Jesus whom they preach,
  Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
  That they may watch for thee.

A CHRISTIAN CHILD.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
  Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
  The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
  Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  The lily must decay:
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
  Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
  Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
  And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were found
  Within thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

FOLLOW ME.

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures—
Christian, love me more than these!

Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Savior, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

"FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK."

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
  Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
  Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
  Leave it to him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise
  To save us and his Word.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
  Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
  World without end. Amen.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
  Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
  Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

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